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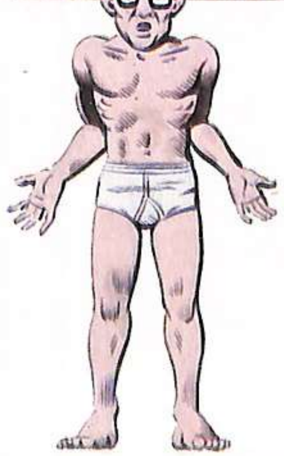


4 OUR GANG
Introducing our newest editor, Fanne Foxe.

6 AMERICHERI
The latest in snarf films; Polish dildoes; Annie Sprinkle the maso; Schtup poker; Cheri's 60" movie.

12 CLAM-O-RAMA
Fuck films faithfully flayed.

13 NO NAMES PLEASE
Gossipist Telly Tall tells it all.

14 FANNE FOXE OPENS UP
The fornicating firecracker finally tells all.

16 A GIRL NAMED VICTORIA
Some class ass from the West Coast.

23 THE CHERI ORCHARD
Columns by liberated women for liberated men. Honeysuckle gets religion; Jeannie's limbless lover; Jody's K.C. crackdown; Renee's rauch; Lynn's Sin in the Twins; Kim's jailbird cock; Danielle from Boston; Roseanne kicks ass; and Audrey's quim in a gym.

31 THE VEILED VIRGIN
Innocent miss flogs logs in backseat of humpmobile.

36 UP YOURS, GOOD BUDDY!
A CB code you can use to get laid or get even.

40 SEX IN PUBLIC
In her newest movie, X-superstar Sharon Mitchell does the dirty deed in all the unfamiliar places.

45 CHERI BAUM: OUR UNBELIEVABLE CENTERSPREAD
They said it couldn't be done. But Cheri's berries *do it!*

54 CHERI-ZADI
The inflatable fellationette in an incredible adventure.

59 THE CHERI GUIDE TO SLIPPING IT IN
Some utter bullshit about sex from the gang that brought you Sue Feele.

65 SNATCH AT SUNSET
A beach and a beaver juxtaposed.

75 CJ THE BJ AT HOME
The movies' hottest cocksucker welcomes you in.

92 CALIFORNIA SPLIT
More bullshit about the Pussy Pacifica.

OUR GANG

CHERI, the magazine that brought you epic spreads like *Girl Sucks Cow*, *The Blonde With No Leg*, *Labia Looseness*, and *Splayed Ray* (as in Liz) prouds presents a new toy for you salivating, syphilitic, comatose pink freaks to bugger over. Now, for those of you think the Tidal Basin Scandal had something to do with five midgets on a raft in your toilet bowl, we give you the lady who gave water sports a reputable name . . . the Fantastic Fanne Foxe. And if that isn't enough, your borderline sleazo, often-subteen band of disreputables, who staff this rag, take pride in introducing Cheri Baum, our new rock columnist, whom we discovered when an order for a T-shirt came in asking for size XXX . . . enormously, gloriously, stupendously LARGE.

Check this out. Here we are, the country's newest sex sensation—barely seven months old—and already we've managed to round up everybody who's anybody in the wonderful world of eros. What other magazine can boast of such notoriously down and dirty darlings as Jody Maxwell, (the singing cocksucker); Annie Sprinkle, (the cocksucker); Kim Pope; Long Jeanne Silver; and Honeysuckle Divine.

CHERI tells it like it is and how it will be. Come on guys, where else could you possibly have the opportunity to actually sink your teeth into a cumly columnist as in our Great Kim Pope Give-Away. I'd like to see you try to meet the chicks from the other magazines—maybe they could squeeze you in between their nail sculpture appointments and EST sessions.

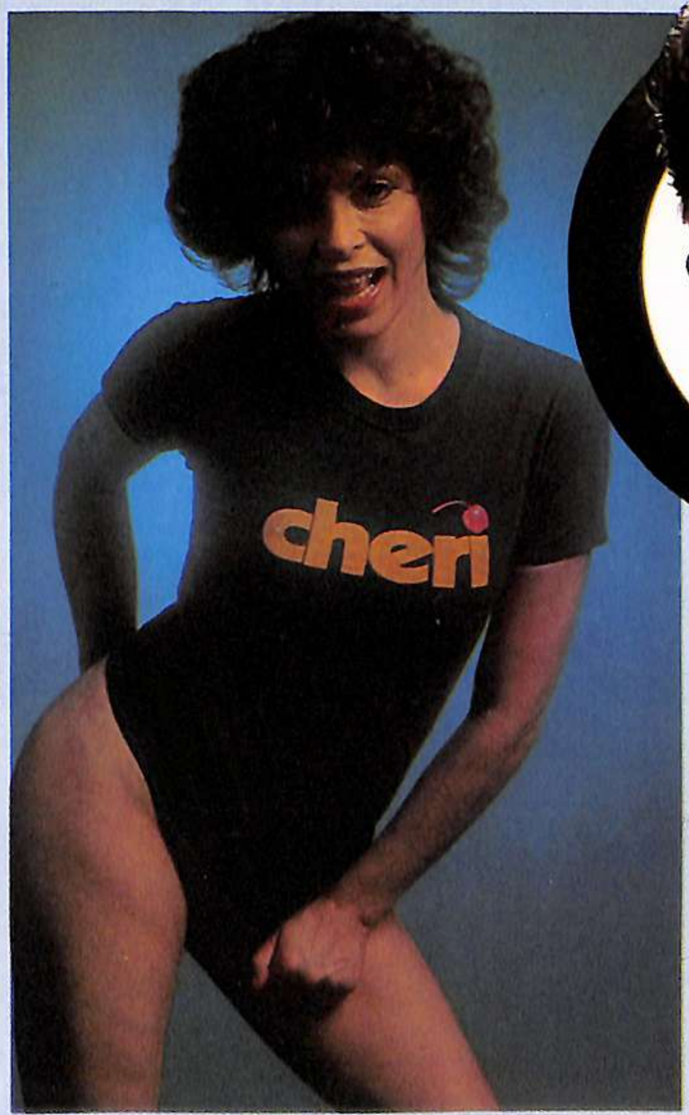
Our girls are real, raunchy and ready—and open for new kinks and any other juicy hot-to-trot-fantasies you'd like to see explored. CHERI is your sounding board. We're here for you. From Boston to Minneapolis, Odessa to Oskosh, Philly to Atlanta, Miami to St. Louis—we're everywhere you are. If you love to fuck, suck and jack off you're one of us and we've gotta get together.

Love forever . . . whenever

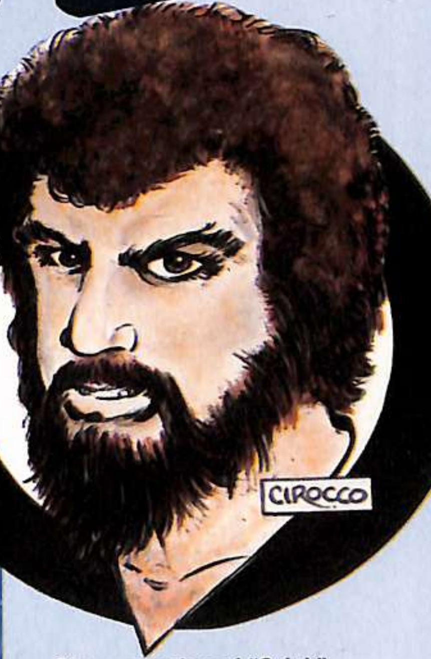
Andrea Ambers
associate editor

Photographer Seymour Haas in action

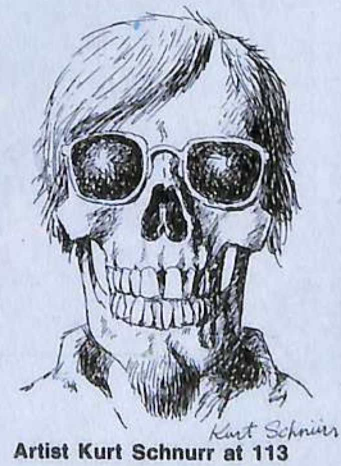
EL FUNDADOR



Cheri's newest Contributing Editor, Ms. Fanne Foxe



Cirocco, maker of "Sylph"



Artist Kurt Schnurr at 113

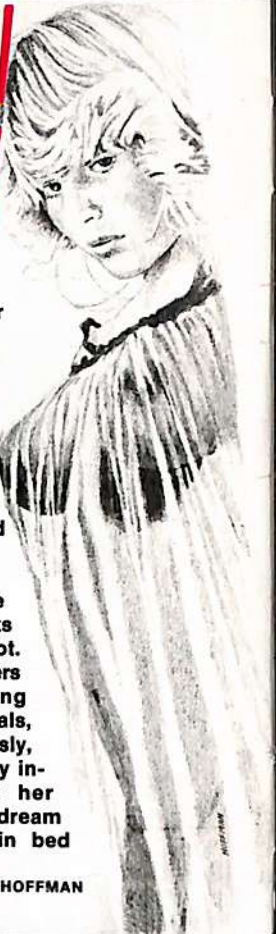
cheri AMERI

CLAY GEERDES

PASSION IN THE POOL HALL

This tasty ass in stained glass is the work of Californian Ed Angerina, a carnal craftsman with a boutique in Berkeley called Mugwort, Ltd. Ed used to run a couple of friendly places called monkey bars, also in Berkeley, to monkey around in. He finds beauty in unlikely places—or, he makes it up. And sells it—this baby went for more than a grand.

BLOW BABY

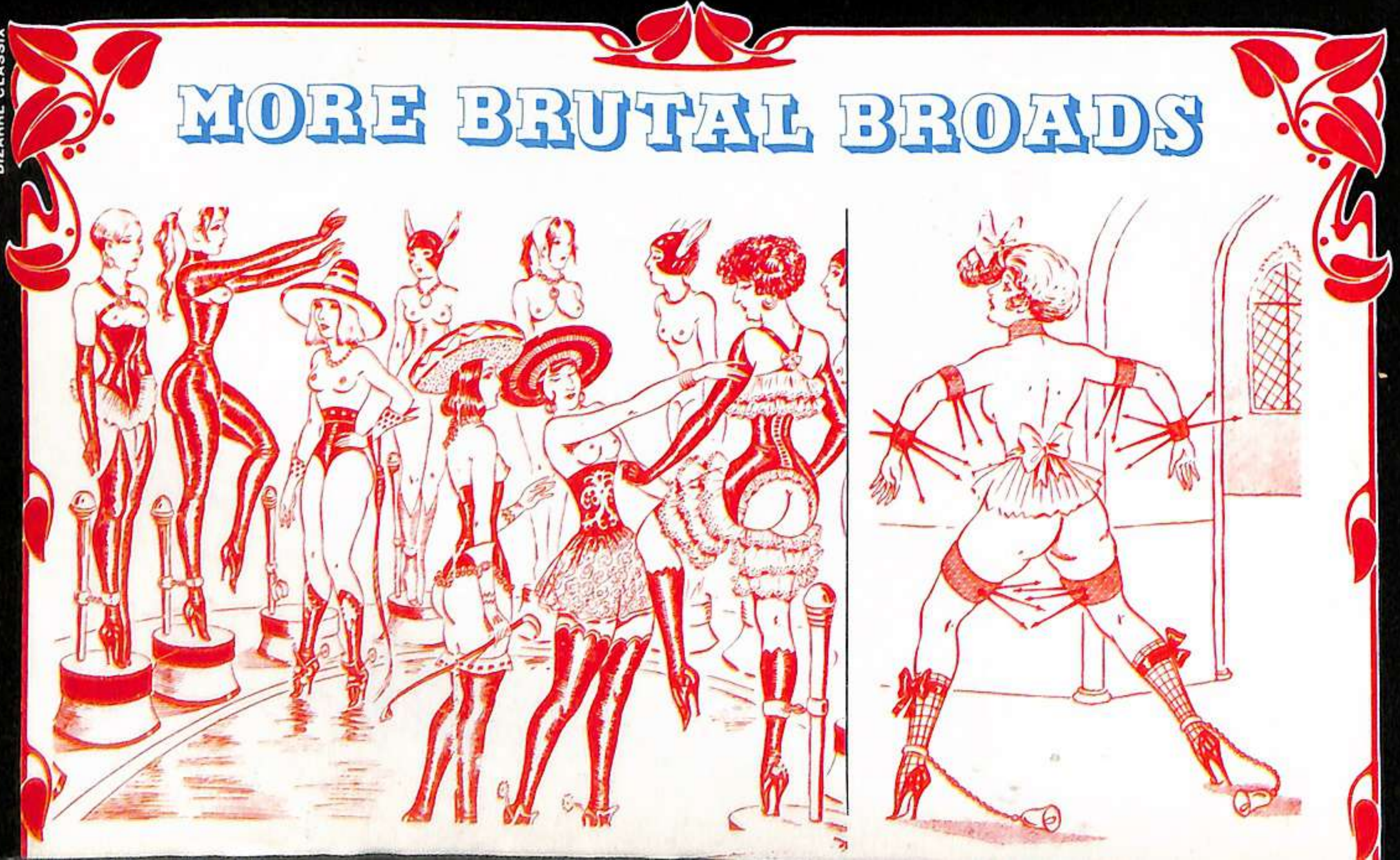


Nobody ever died of a blow job—but some balance the budget. Here's Lorraine, Long Island hausfrau and Venus in vans. She drives into the city and parks in a vacant lot. Her customers keep coming and she deals, simultaneously, with not only inflation but her childhood dream of staying in bed all day.

GREG HOFFMAN

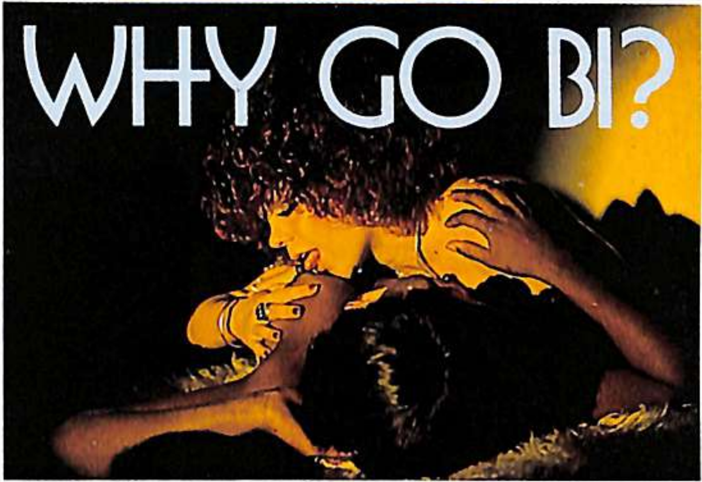
Bizarre Classix is a strange little volume of ripe bondage smut from the past—strange, because the poor girls are beaten, whipped, whomped, gouged and hog-tied by mostly other *women*. And when soft hands get weary, there's the agony of merry widow torture costumes to keep 'em gasping for less. A cheap thrill—only $6—from Belier Press, P.O. Box 'C', Gracie Station, New York, New York 10028.

MORE BRUTAL BROADS



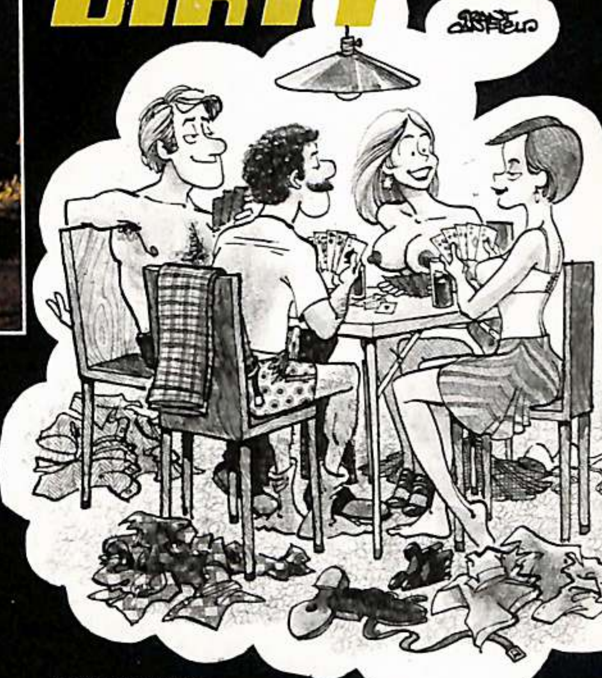
BIZARRE CLASSIX

WHY GO BI?



A recent study of the mental deficiencies of 17 year olds revealed that many of them weren't hip to the basic facts of American government, literature, or laws and were having too much fun to care. Not only that, a lot of them were into a "blending" of sexual identities—usually in bed, but sometimes in parks, drive-ins and swamps. They could always take extension courses later on.

DOWN AND DIRTY

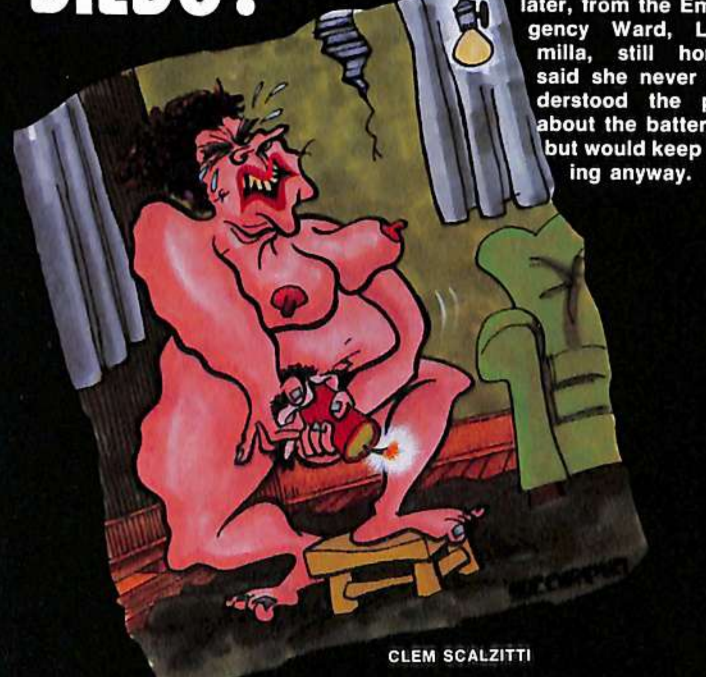


GRANT CANFIELD

Friends, have you been aching to get your straight into some hot little vixen's full house? With just about every card wild this revolutionary new game is sure to take the trick. All that's required is your basic two of a kind, 34¢ or better, and a willingness to spend most of the evening schtupping.

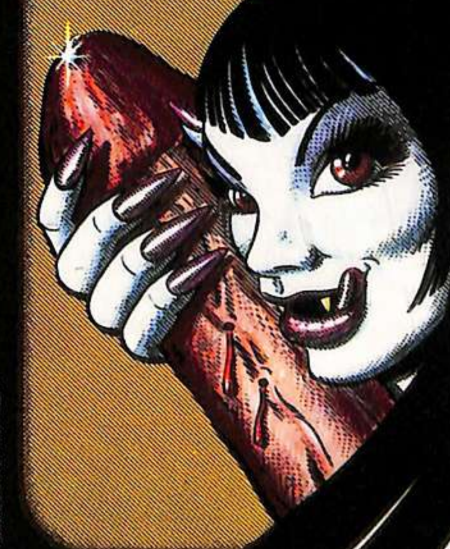
QUICK! WHAT'S THE POLISH WORD FOR DILDO?

Another great moment in sexual liberation was the result of recent erotic experiments by one Ludmilla Bukowski of Cracow; later, from the Emergency Ward, Ludmilla, still horny, said she never understood the part about the batteries, but would keep trying anyway.



CLEM SCALZITTI

DEEP FANG: CURSE OR BLESSING?



BRUCE PATTERSON

The newest kink in horror porn is babes like Draculina, here, with an oversexed overbite and blood lust to boot. The twist is that vampire love could either get you really hot—or leave you cold.

AMERI cheri

ABE BOLOGNA

LET GEORGE DO IT

George Plympton has played football, baseball, and boxed against the best. His stock in trade has been to participate where most men would prefer to play Peeping Tom. At a recent party for Harry Reems, the besieged star of *Deep Throat*, Georgie-Porgie bumped into our own Petunia Camero. Did he participate or just voyeurize? Neither Plympton nor Camero are saying.

BARRY MEIER

BITCH LIB HITS DOG-SWAP CIRCUIT

Mr. & Mrs. Phideaux Schnauzer of Alpo, Nevada, recently placed the following ad in SWITCHTAIL, the notorious animal swing publication: "Mature B/M,6, and W/F,5, seek partners, all breeds, for fucky-sucky and other games. Enjoy "Fireplug" and other water sports, spread-beagle photography, human-style entry, Deep Tail, etc. Can do S&M (Spitzes and Mastiffs) and B&D (Bull terriers & Dobermans). Bitch watches and participates. Discreet letters promptly answered with photos. No phonies."

60" IN 8mm: CHERI GOES CELLULOID

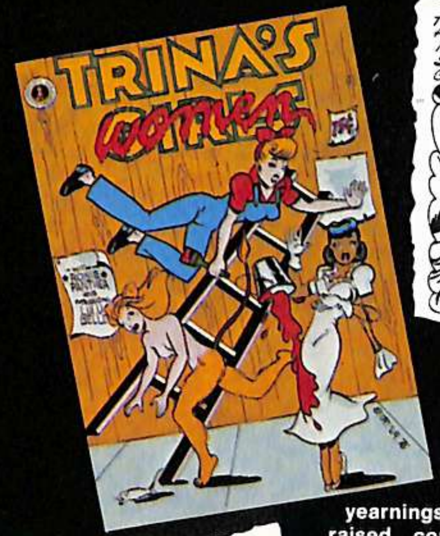
To see this month's centerfold is to believe her. "Cherry Bomb" (nee Cheri Baum) is the biggest thing to hit nudity since Chesty Morgan. Naturally, only CHERI has her. And now we can reveal the really big news. CHERI and Cheri have just begun to produce steaming hot 8mm home movies that will be sold in future issues of this magazine. Imagine that, every inch of this amazing amazon in rich, *action* color! The films aren't quite ready yet (we'll start selling them—at $30 apiece—in our May issue) but those of you interested in where and how to buy them can drop Cherry a line at: Cherry Bomb Films, c/o CHERI, 208 E. 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017. We've seen two of them and, believe us, they're totally incredible!

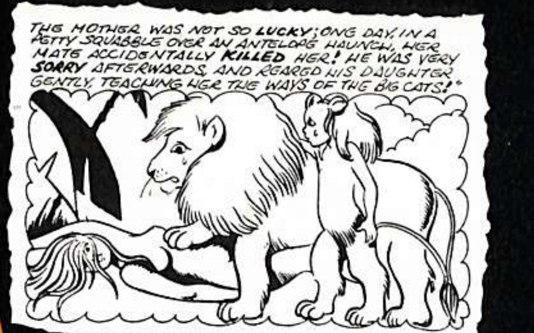
PETER HURD

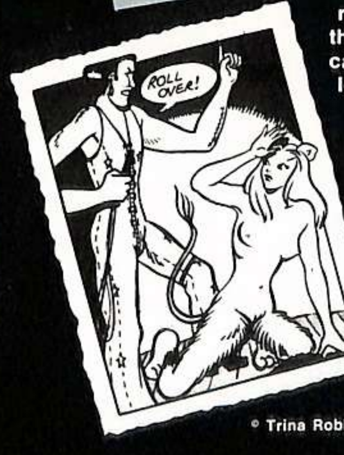
STRAIGHT FROM THE COCKSUCKER'S MOUTH

"I would like to enter myself for the $1000 cocksucking prize," writes Betty Beale of Toledo. "I'm not conceited, I'm convinced! Every man I've ever sucked has told me I give fantastic head." Betty's letter, which wins her $100 and makes her a semifinalist in the race for the $1000 first prize, went like this: "I begin by a sensual exploration of his back with my tongue. From his neck, I work slowly downward, trailing my long blonde hair behind; adding sensation. Lower then, to his ass. I gently lick, suck, and nip his buttocks. I spread his muscular legs to reveal his pink, fleshy asshole. I dip my tongue firmly inside, then out, then in again before moving on. I raise his buttocks off the bed and position myself directly beneath so that I have access to suck his steaming balls and his sensitive inner thighs, upward to his pulsating prick. Taking the head into my mouth, I lick the sensuous underside before plunging his hardness deep into my throat. I suck in long, hard, slow strokes; gradually increasing my rhythm while caressing his balls and asshole. His muscles tighten and he cums deep into my throat."

TRINA TURNS ON




THE MOTHER WAS NOT SO LUCKY; ONE DAY, IN A PETTY SQUABBLE OVER AN ANTELOPE HAUNCH, HER MATE ACCIDENTALLY KILLED HER! HE WAS VERY SORRY AFTERWARDS, AND REARED HIS DAUGHTER GENTLY, TEACHING HER THE WAYS OF THE BIG CATS!*



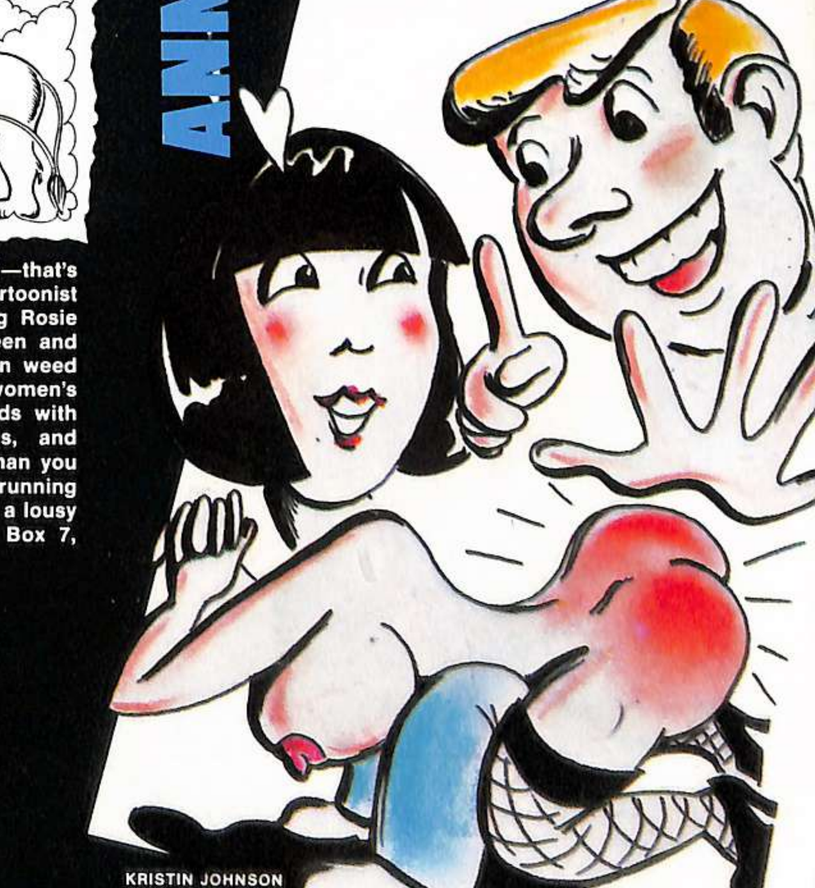
Even feisty feminists get fucked—that's the message from Frisco cartoonist Trina Robbins, whose free-living Rosie the Riveter, Panthea, jungle queen and slinky Lulu Belle, tawny uptown weed merchant, have men's jobs and women's yearnings. *Trina's Women* is full of broads with raised consciousnesses and lowered lids, and they're *real*—which is a hell of a lot more than you can say for most of the human prototypes running loose and mouthing off. A class sex rush for a lousy 75¢ from Kitchen Sink Enterprises, P.O. Box 7, Princeton, Wisc. 54968.

© Trina Robbins 1976

POETRY BY ANNIE SPRINKLE

ANNIE'S PER VERSE

Call me a masochist,
Call me a slave.
I want a man
Who can make me behave.



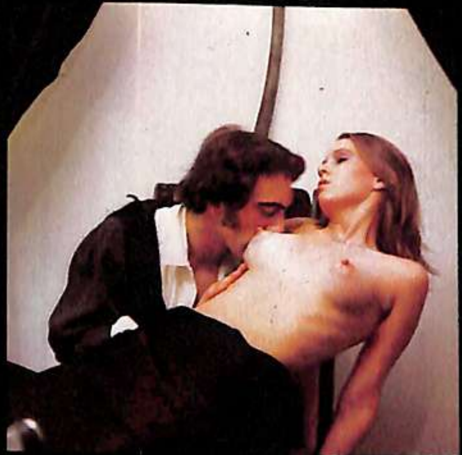
KRISTIN JOHNSON

cheri
AMERI

Want to thrill your friends? Horrify your enemies? Dazzle the ladies? Mortify your mom? The sick set's latest kick is turning out faked snarf film. A snarf film is a *cinema-verité* style production in which a bunch of guys invite a girl over to their place to make a movie in which she will actually be killed. However, much to her surprise, when she arrives, they make *a filthy fuck movie*! The craze started in 1973 when a suicidal Argentinian nun was hired by five bandidos to be the star of a movie in which she was to be tortured and dismembered. Instead of killing her, however, the men balled the shit out of her and released the footage as a major production called *Muff*, the cads!

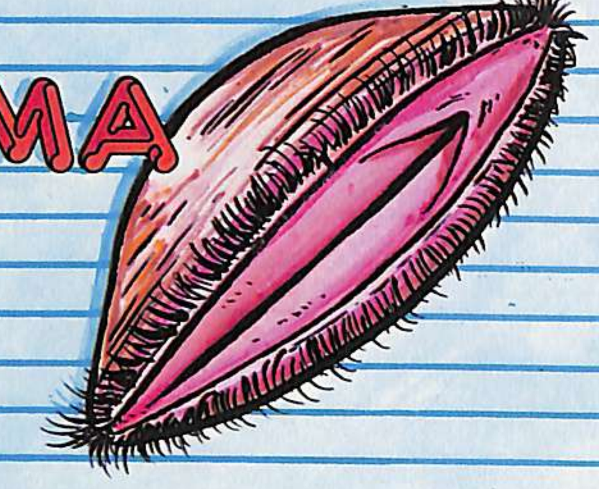
HOME MOVIE HINTS

Controversy surrounds the new film, *Muff*, in which a suicidal girl is forced to make a porno film.



JOHN TRIBOLETTI

CLAM·O·RAMA



CHERI's monthly review of fliXXX about town

By
ROBERT
AMSEL

THE SINFUL PLEASURES OF REVEREND SNATCH Although this cheapo flick—inspired by Moonie madness—has wall-to-wall sex, it has little else to recommend it. The photography is sleazy, the dialogue imbecilic and the acting nonexistent. The girls (except for Melba Walsh) will hardly inspire any man's cock to do great things. Some of the "actresses" are even masked throughout, in order, I suppose, to keep from embarrassing the folks back home. A wise decision on their parts, considering the overall quality of this scatological wonder. A pity; the idea is topical. A Chinese evangelist recruits followers by using hypnosis and then, turns them into sex zombies to do his bidding—or do him. The rest of us will simply feel done in.

THE PORN BROKERS Another of those documentaries on porn that preach to the converted and assure us all that sex is good for mental health and cures zits, while war atrocities are obscene. An English production originally, the flick has been spiced up with several American "loops," including one with Helen Madigan and Jamie Gillis. European film directors, photographers, magazine publishers and sex-club owners are interviewed. A fascinating bit shows how a British director makes a blue-movie sequence and the problems he encounters with male impotency and cum-faking. Aside from run-of-the-mill sex, *The Porn Brokers* explores S/M and bestiality. A hot-to-trot pony nearly steals the show.

BLONDE VELVET The succulent sensuality of Jennifer Welles is once again explored in this paeon to pulchritude. Jennifer plays a dragon lady with a yen for men who will bend to her diabolical plans of espionage and blackmail. The complex plot serves to expose the raw talent of this celluloid siren, who lights up the screen with every wiggle of her delectable derriere or bounce of her bigger-than-life bazooms. Ably assisted by Suzanne McBain, Sarah Nicholson and other fabulous felines, Jennifer gives another of her eye-opening, fly-opening performances as she turns the United Nations into a bawdy house. Porn patrons will be groveling at her feet.

THE STARLETS A sophisticated 3-D technique makes this story of casting-couch adventures and cum-craving, California-style, a must-see. This milk-and-honey marriage of porn and 3-D turns audiences into orgiasts. One gets the tangible sensation that the cast of bountiful babes is actually squirming and beavering on your very own lap. You'd better wear loose trousers or you'll break your bone from the strain of a constant erection. The cast includes oodles of oozing women for every taste, and the film is better than a night with Linda Lovelace. Be prepared to duck during one disquieting sequence in which an actor shoots his load into the camera—and seemingly all over you.

MARY, MARY If you can believe that Californian porn-stud John Leslie has problems with premature ejaculation, you can wallow in this cum-drenched sextravaganza about Satanic soul-snatching and Faustian fun and games. Mr. Leslie makes a bargain with Old Horny to forfeit his soul in exchange for prolonged screwing ability. Constance Money—the two-bit hooker who becomes a chic courtesan in *Misty Beethoven*—renews her spunk-inspiring versatility as Leslie's sluttish "old lady." Miss Money, in all fairness to the leading man, is such a pulchritudinous pastry, she could inspire any guy to premature ejaculation.

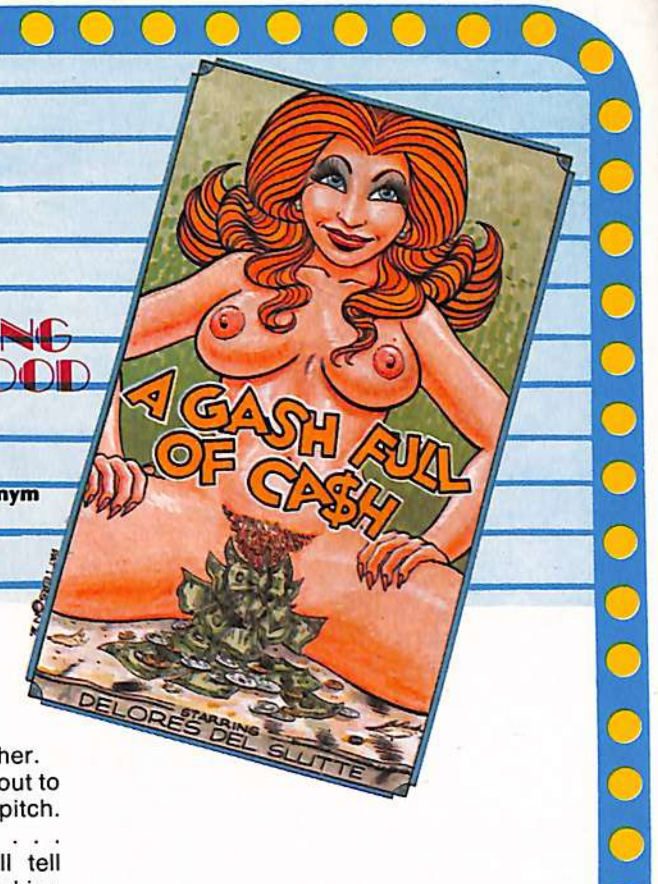
TAPESTRY OF PASSION Johnny "Wadd" Holmes scores again and again and again in this sex-drenched mystery about a murderous feline loose in San Francisco. He is ably assisted in his task by porn's sock-it-to-me girl Leslie Bovee, regal beauty Annette Haven, and coffee-colored cutie Patricia Lee. Although an S/M scene is made ludicrous by the presence of Sharon Thorpe as a dippy dominatrix, her partner John Leslie manages to keep the unintentional laughs down to a minimum. Despite the strong S/M theme, the sex is mostly straight hardcore, with an emphasis on highly erotic photography, hot-passioned pussies and Johnny Wadd's winsome rod.

NO NAMES PLEASE

DISGUSTING HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP

By Telly Tall

(Telly Tall is the pseudonym for one of America's most-widely published gossip columnists.)



A GASH FULL OF CASH

She's got one of those innocent, forever-virgin pusses that TV casting directors adore. Before she made it big in her own series, she'd done a lot of all-American commercials for shinier kitchen floors and kissing-sweet toilet bowls—sponsors chose her because she was just so down-home *sincere*, not like those other big-city models who ran around snorting coke and posing for (gasp!) seedy men's magazines.

In a recent interview she remained true to her image—almost too true. She "doesn't have time," poor thing, for a steady boyfriend, let alone the Tinseltown party life—nights are spent at home, alone, with her two lapdogs and tomorrow's script. Sigh. It's so easy to be good, she claims, with such a demanding schedule. . . .

The real reason she doesn't have time for normal boy-girl partying, however, has nothing to do with the script. Ms. Goody Two-Shoes gets her true kicks on a different soundstage, namely the nearest Skid Row. Late at night, she'll parade downtown in a streaked blonde wig and satin-doll stilettos, flashing her huge boobs in the seediest rumholes on the West Coast. She's a supertease, this one, offering every pitiful scummy and wino a peek at her non-virgin fur. And a whiff of her steamy clam.

Our honky-tonk angel loves to turn on guys with her baby face and her bawdy bumps—heating them up to the point where they'll be threatening to get rough if they don't get laid. She plays coy and bats her eyes as she tries to leave before their advances become "brutal." Most times , they'll try to stop her, leaving tracks of ugly bruises down her alabaster flesh. Little do they know that this is the part she loves best and she'll do her best to squirm a lot and try to escape so they'll get even rougher.

At just about the point they're about to dismember her, she'll make her pitch. "Awright, fellas, you can have it . . . but you got to pay for it," she'll tell them. It all seems like a money-making come-on until you realize what she charges them. Her rates run anywhere from $1.75 to $6.00 and anal only costs 50¢ (presumably because she likes it least, they say).

This is a broad who could buy and sell any one of us—but her friends will tell you that she's super-guilty about what she had to do to get to the top and enjoys humilating herself in every way in order to get money. When she was a starlet, she used to have producers and other bigwigs fill up her snatch with $20 bills after they balled her pussy or mouth. And then she'd cum in buckets. She couldn't get off on thick red dorks at all, but lay some long green on her private pink and she'd pop her rocks in a second!

The gymnastics that most starlets have to go through to get to the top give them a very fucked-up understanding of the relationship between sex and money. Goody Two-Shoes is not alone in her need to sell herself cheap in order to block out the whoring she did in her past. The side alleys of the Sunset Strip are lined up with luminaries like her, just dying to get screwed, blewed, and tattooed by the tightest wad around. . . .

PANTY-SNIFFERS MAKE STRANGE POLITICIANS

You couldn't call him the king stud of Capitol Hill. Where other elected representatives preach uprighteousness and lead low-down private lives, he's one they'll never catch in headlines six inches high. And his constituents are so very grateful they've returned him to office for almost twenty years. Let other committee members get caught with their pants down and their flags up . . . he'll stick to the straight and narrow path that makes those voters proud.

He has a very sympathetic secretary, like all great men. She doesn't erase tapes or doctor the expense accounts—her talents are much more refined. She's actually the one they might catch with the pants down. Mrs. B., a discreet widow, has the curious job of providing her boss with his lifetime obsession—the used undies of Congressional secretaries. He's much too shy to go after what's inside them, apparently.

Mrs. B. conducts her own version of the old fraternity panty-raids. Knowing that most secretaries have access to their bosses' lush office suites . . . complete with sofas, full baths and refrigerators . . . and often change clothes before going out in the evening, she simply waits until she sees a likely one leave. Then she slips in and grabs the goods, depositing them in her boss's bottom desk drawer. When a new secretary comes into the area, especially a young, luscious number, Mrs. B. is right on the case. The young ones are the best, anyway. When they start out they're so nervous they really work up a sweat.

Meet the newest member of the CHERI family!

FANNE FOXE FINALLY TELLS ALL!

By PETER WOLFF

The day Fanne Foxe agreed to become a contributing editor at CHERI, we all went down to the local saloon and got smashed together. There was much merriment and Michelle Craven capped the insanity off by ripping off her clothes and raping a keg of beer.

Three days later, Fanne took enough beddy-bye pills to keep her snoring until the year 2077.

All of which goes to show you the extent to which some people will go to keep themselves out of CHERI.

Fortunately, Fanne was rescued from the brink and has lived to continue her relationship with us.

Michelle Craven was not so lucky. She has since been confined to bed with a serious case of splinters up the wazoo.

> **"Wilbur Mills was the only man I ever met who didn't like me going down on him."**

Fanne Foxe, as everybody by now knows, is the Argentine-born stripper who took an adlib swim in Washington, D.C.'s Tidal Basin which sank the career of a genuine political Titanic, Wilbur Mills, her long-time lover.

In the years that passed, Fanne has proved herself one of the most durable "instant celebrities" of our time. She is bright, bawdy, talented, and built like a brick shithouse. Recently, she's been acting off-Broadway (in the trash-comedy hit, *Women Behind Bars*) and seems about to emerge as a major new acting talent in films (she's been signed for three big non-X movies for 1977).

As a CHERI staffer, Fanne says she is "going to be opening closet doors all across the country, and pulling the covers off who, what, where, why and how the American sexual revolution has brought us to shedding our guilts and our clothes in our newly found expression of our sexuality." In addition to being an expose, Fanne's series will also serve as a travel guide to what's happening and where you can find it, no matter what your tastes may be.

> **"It took a lot of convincing to get me into swinging. But then I found I was getting off watching my man have sex with another woman."**

Recently, I sat down with Fanne and a tape recorder and she spoke with amazing frankness about such things as Wilbur Mills's sexual demands ("He was the only man I ever met who didn't like a woman to go down on him."); Sally Quinn ("She gave me a very hard time and she was doing essentially the same thing as I was"); Liz Ray ("She knew what she was getting into, she knew the code, and she shouldn't have said anything."); and her own sex life, including some spicy adventures in the movie star swing-and-swap scene in California.

PETER: Fanne, at this point in time, you are probably the globe's most famous mistress, a person of substantial notoriety. Are you a maven of mistresshood?

FANNE: Oh, come off it. . . .

PETER: What I mean is, you don't seem to be making any moves to get married. You seem to want to live the rest of your life as various men's lover.

> **"Congressmen are really something! When a new secretary comes in, it's like they toss a coin to see who'll get her first!"**

FANNE: Not really. I made moves to get married, only, with all my publicity, it didn't work out. As far as being just a lover, in the beginning I felt terrible about it. I was worried about what my children would think. But as time went by, I figured that being married or not being married was not that important. I think that many people feel the same nowadays. Maybe years ago it was important to have that piece of paper, because of the influence of the church. But I'm not a rigid person like that anymore. As a matter of fact, my older daughter recently told me that she'd prefer to share her life with the man she thinks she loves for at least a couple of years before she gets married. I think that's very mature.

PETER: Once upon a time, people treated you like Fanne Foxe, the Stripper. Now they treat you like Fanne Foxe, the Mistress. Is there any difference between the way men come on to a mistress as opposed to a stripper?

FANNE: It's really hard for me to answer that. When I was a stripper, although I wasn't exactly an angel, I never cheapened myself with all of the play-for-pay games that many of the girls get into for extra income, so I never really had a problem with the way men treated me. Now, as a former mistress, it's hard to describe. I suppose that if I weren't so widely known, men

> **"At my age, I'm just starting to get into cunnilingus and younger men. . . ."**

(Continued on page 91)

Photograph by Carl Kravats

A GIRL NAMED VICTORIA

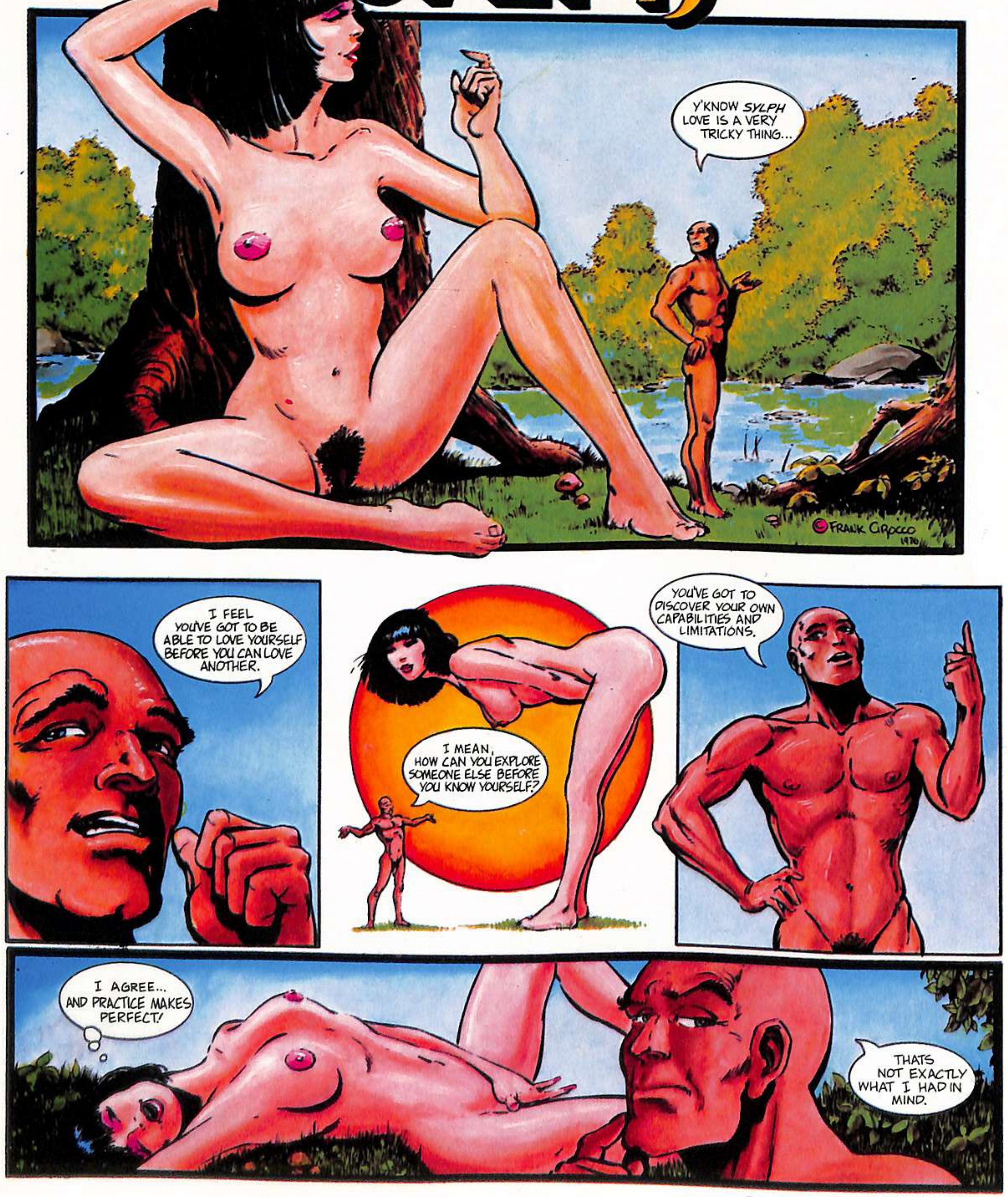
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARNIE FREYTAG

Well, it's that time of the month again and the team that writes the girlie stories here has its usual problems. Melville Pisces, the hard-working celluloid salesman, brought in these gorgeous pix from the Coast of a girl named Victoria. Victoria who? Victoria why? Victoria where? Who knows. We know diddlyshit about her and are able to impart even less to you, our horny and fact-hungry fans. If you know any deep dark secrets about Ms. Victoria please send them off to us immediately in a plain brown envelope.

VICTORIA HAILS FROM
CALIFORNIA AND HAS
A GROOVY SET OF JUGS.
ISN'T THAT JUST FASCINATING?

VICTORIA, WHEREVER YOU ARE, CALL HOME IMMEDIATELY. THE CHERI FAMILY NEEDS YOU.

SYLPH


Y'KNOW SYLPH LOVE IS A VERY TRICKY THING...
©FRANK CIROCCO 1980
I FEEL YOU'VE GOT TO BE ABLE TO LOVE YOURSELF BEFORE YOU CAN LOVE ANOTHER.
YOU'VE GOT TO DISCOVER YOUR OWN CAPABILITIES AND LIMITATIONS.
I MEAN, HOW CAN YOU EXPLORE SOMEONE ELSE BEFORE YOU KNOW YOURSELF?
I AGREE... AND PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT!
THATS NOT EXACTLY WHAT I HAD IN MIND.

KANSAS CITY STARK

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

by JODY MAXWELL

"We're having a porn war in Kansas City!"

Jody Maxwell, star of stage, screen and vocal chords, does some investigative reporting on the ongoing porn war in KC. Digging the dirt (as only our Miss Maxwell can), she reports on some of the old stodgies who are committed to closing down the numerous dens of sin and locking away lovelies like our own loose lovin' Jody (shudder . . .). Write our soldier battling to legalize sins today, c/o CHERI.

photo by SIWHER/OHLSSON

Around here, sex has been on everyone's mind lately. Their thoughts have been negative or positive but definitely not indifferent. It's amazing how many people think they are sex experts. Recently, they have been crawling out of every hole in Kansas City. These self-appointed "experts" think they are *so* knowledgeable about all sexual matters relating to so-called pornography.

There is another group that admits they are not infallible humans; they believe in the rights and freedoms of the people according to the Constitution.

A third group includes the mayor, the city council and various others involved in some capacity with the law or legal processes.

More massive participants compose a fourth group. They have been supersaturated with subject matter of these first three groups—and pornography, lately, via press, television and radio. The result: a war over pornography in Kansas City.

The first group is composed of two organizations: 1.) Citizens for Decency Through the Law and 2.) Keep Kansas City Clean Task Force. The former is generous in claiming it is *not* for censorship of what individuals do in their homes (at least according to one of their spokespersons, a bachelor high-school librarian) but is concerned with fighting for "public decency" (as it is determined by their own organization). They believe that "pornography" should be legislated out of existence.

The Keep Kansas City Clean Task Force is an organization of anti-porn militants. Their spokeswoman says that they are dedicated to cleaning out the existing porn shops in Kansas City by any method it takes. They are against any ordinances or laws that would provide a location for any business dealing in pornography legally. If they are not successful in these two goals, they have one other plan to destroy adult entertainment in Kansas City. This includes public harassment of both the business operators and the customers, when their little group determines something is "dirty." Picketing will be one way. But worse, they plan to take photographs of people entering those shops or businesses and to put the customers' license numbers on their picket signs; they intend to call newspapers and TV stations and ask for publicity. If they have to, they'll make news to get the press they desire. After all, they have a major chore: "to preserve the moral standards and safety of the citizens."

The last time such words were uttered was when Harry Reems' prosecutor in Memphis made a similar statement. Didn't Hitler use like arguments in Nazi Germany—about his obligations to protect the morals and decency of the people?

The second group involved in this pornography war includes those who fear that the anti-porn people could determine what others may see and read and, thusly, infringe upon the rights and freedoms guaranteed by the First and Sixth Amendments. The American Civil Liberties Union, also, belongs to the second group. They are concerned about the pornography laws in general, but they are especially concerned, at present, with practices of harassment such as those the Keep Kansas City Clean Task Force has planned. According to the American Civil Liberties Union these practices (i.e., taking photographs of customers, publishing license nos., etc.) are absolutely illegal as they are an invasion of an individual's right to privacy and right to free association.

The third group's effort to find a way to regulate pornographic businesses in Kansas City is the reason the first two groups have become so active and verbal in the last couple of months. A year ago the mayor appointed five non-political individuals to the Citizens' Committee on Adult Entertainment. This committee recently completed a comprehensive study of adult entertainment. When they reported to the city council that they could find "absolutely no proof that pornography was dangerous to the individual or the urban community," I was delighted. Some others were not. The anti-porn groups came out in full force.

While this group of leading citizens had some excellent recommendations, the city council chose to ignore them, even though it was their committee. A top Kansas City businessman, spokesman for this group, was most vocal in letting it be known that the committee was angry that all their work was being ignored.

The fourth group has seen the word PORNOGRAPHY or SMUT on a front-page headline once or twice a day for over a month. On page 3 of a recent *Kansas City Times*, and on both the early and late-evening TV news on all channels here, everyone in group 4 had the pleasure of seeing anti-porn protesters picketing in front of a bookstore—their Monday night exercise. In the background of the picketing, further down the street, guess whose name was sparkling in huge clear letters on a theater marquee? JODY MAXWELL. It was annoying enough in the paper, but to watch and to listen to these people on television with my name in their background, had to be a super turnoff for me. Their statements were plenty asinine, too.

What has now come about in this local pornography war? The city council has just passed an ordinance estabishing a CX zone for "adult" bookstores, motion-picture theatres, modeling shops (nude), body-painting studios, bathhouses and massage parlors. This is not a Combat Zone as in Boston, and

(Continued on page 89)

THE BEEHIVE

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

by HONEYSUCKLE DIVINE

"The pickle warts bruised my ooze."

God must be having a nervous breakdown. I dig that his job must be incredibly demanding but Honeysuckle Divine a REVEREND!? I guess the big G. does work in mysterious ways but it sure is a sign of the changing times that his newest messenger's specialty is making pussy burgers and shooting pickles out of her snatch. What more can we say? CHERI is proud to have this holiest of holes writing for our humble rag. Feel free to contact this charitable cooze through CHERI, if, of course, HIS lines are busy. . . .

photo by PETER HURD

Gibby, owner of world-famous Palace Theater in Pittsburgh just donated $200 to One World Light Church, a liberal institution that seeks to unite all faiths. The Reverend Kellie Everts, AKA Miss Nude Universe 1969, Miss Body Beautiful 1974 and Vice President of the church was delighted at the news. She was having a meeting of Daughters of Light at her Brooklyn, New York home when I called.

Kellie ordained me a minister of One World Light Church February 1976 but I very seldom use my title of Reverend. I find, however, it is good to use it when writing to people in prison.

Pope Pious XII appeared in a vision to Verna Talbot on the day of his death and said, "I will use your office to continue my work on earth." He sprinkled her with holy water and stood in a ray of light that brightened up the entire room. Verna Talbot, President of One World Light, lives in California.

Written about in many magazines, she is also known as the Bikini Preacher.

Formerly a stripper, Kellie, has been working as a youth counselor in Brooklyn. She does body-building exercises to keep in shape for a possible return to the stage. Next time she strips, though, it will be for God. She will use the name "Reverend" Kellie Everts, and donate all her salary to charity.

Meanwhile, I would like to ask all CHERI readers to pray for a male friend of mine who would like to get a hardon at least once a month. A female friend requests your prayers that she may seduce a male homosexual she desires as well as her Episcopalian priest. If anyone has some special prayers, I will publish them in my column at their special request.

One World Light is a very serious religion and I am deeply involved with it, even though I act silly and joke a lot. Kellie does a lot of charity work and has a wonderful way with wayward youths. We are planning to get a house in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, and fix it into a boarding school for children from poor homes.

Kellie has recently taken over an abandoned building in Brooklyn and turned it into a youth center. As a youth counselor, she has contact with many juvenile delinquents whom she helps to find jobs. Some of these boys helped her repair and paint the abandoned building. They also assisted her in constructing a chapel for her to preach in as well. Energetic Kellie even plays basketball with them.

A movie producer, who was interested in doing a documentary of Kellie, told me that some of her "boys" are strong, husky, 19- and 20-year-old *men*, and, it is a wonder one of them doesn't try to rape her. He told me it was dangerous the way she played basketball with them without a bra, wearing only a tank top blouse over her very large, bouncing breasts.

I think America should be proud that so many red-blooded American boys would rather play basketball with Miss Nude Universe, than go out and mug an old lady. I'm sure the crime rate has gone down a lot due to Kellie's activities. Every neighborhood should have someone similar to her.

As time went by, the movie producer, himself, tried to rape Kellie, but, she screamed and her "boys" came to her rescue.

Father De Paul Genska, the Franciscan priest who attended the Hooker's convention, wrote a darling letter to me after I sent him a copy of CHERI showing him at the convention. Father Genska is very liberal, and is interested in meeting Kellie. I think his priestly advice and experience will become helpful to One World Light. One World Light is open to all religions, but, it would be especially sweet if a priest helped us in some of our charity work, since Pope Pious XII appeared to Verna Talbot in that vision.

I have often daydreamed of a group of nuns working secretly together as strippers who mysteriously disappeared after work going back to the convent. What a clever way to get money for their charity projects! Since One World Light approves of strippers, perhaps my daydream will become a reality someday.

Sharee Samar, "The Washington Party Girl" who worked with me my second week in Pittsburgh, has studied various religions and says she has often had a desire to be a minister and perform weddings for gay men. Perhaps, in time, she may join One World Light. Her Middle Eastern belly-dancing was a big thrill for the Pittsburgh audience.

One Saturday night, almost half the audience was made up of married couples. Gibby said we almost drew in as many couples as Chesty Morgan did. Sharee was a wonderful asset to the show, and I hope to have her travel with me more in the future. I brought her to Pittsburgh to add some culture to the show, to sort of make up for my raunchy act. I joked that I was making a pussyburger sandwich for her to take back to Wilbur Mills. Sharee works at the Silver Slipper in Washington, D.C. most of the time.

I was very surprised at all the women who wanted pussyburgers for their husbands. The men looked rather reluctant about it all, and I have a feeling their wives dragged them in there. I fixed about two-dozen pussyburgers backstage ahead of time, and carried them in a plastic trick-or-treat bag left over from Halloween. I carried them through the audience and wrote the name of the person who wanted it on the pre-autographed brown paper lunch bag.

One man said he wanted one made with the pussy, not the one from the trick-or-treat bag. I assured him they were *all* made with the pussy. In fact, Gibby came backstage, while I was making them and laughed like crazy, rolling his eyes upward and saying, "Oh, Lord,

(Continued on page 76)

I, KIM POPE

photo by PETER HURD

This month, columnist cum laude, Kim Pope plays gracious hostess to a group of cum-crazed cons on temporary leave from the pen. Furnishing them with wine and a handful of delightfully wanton women, Kim does her good deed for the decade, and collects enough red-hot details to have CHERI fans squirming for weeks. Read on to find out how five horny honchos, who've been behind bars for an eternity react when attacked by Kim and her band of merry maidens. Write our lovely lady c/o CHERI.

"The cons definitely exercised their penal systems!"

by KIM POPE

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

Several weeks ago Bob and I received a letter from Benny, a close friend who ran afoul of the law and is presently serving time in a Federal Institution. Since he has been away he has written me about his fellow inmates and their colorful, if unconventional, histories. Many of you CHERI readers may not know about the new policy of allowing prison inmates (with good behavior records) to leave prison for brief, closely supervised "leaves." I feel that it is vital to successful rehabilitation for these men to be kept in touch with the society to which they must eventually return. It is stupid and sadistic to assume that anyone can be improved by denying him his dignity, his freedom and his self determinism. Most of the time they are in institutions because they lack either an education or positive social skills. Deny a man the right to contribute in an acceptable way and he will contribute in an unacceptable way. It's up to our penal system to realize this and help these men and women obtain the skills and self-esteem they need to rejoin society in a positive manner. Here is part of Benny's letter:

. . . Some fantastic news! I'm coming home in three weeks on a furlough—I'm still in shock. I just can't believe it. The Rabbi is bringing Moonie, Izzie, Louie C., Maxie and me down to New York for two and a half days. We will be staying at the Holiday Inn. I'll give you a call as soon as I get in the room. Come on by and we'll have some drinks together and shoot the breeze. There are so many friends I would like to see but two and a half days isn't much time. . . . Please, what I want most of all is to be with a beautiful woman without someone in blue looking over my shoulder. . . . I'll be looking forward to seeing you. . . . Much Love, Ben—#37379

Unable to resist a friend in need I wired him that I would arrange some "appropriate companionship." I realized that as much as he wanted to see me and Bob, after three months with only other men around, what he really wanted was to get *laid*! And it would be unkind to neglect his buddies . . . so-o-o-, with my little black book in hand, I called five of the foxiest, sexiest, freakiest girls I could think of.

When I explained the situation they all agreed to come along and do a good deed for these guys. The first girl who agreed to come was Rusty, a tall leggy redhead with skin like silk and a smattering of freckles across her nose. Jenny is a tiny little thing with long blond hair and a sweet southern drawl. Little Spanish Lisa has a chubby little body and a bubbly personality that men just can't resist. Maggie has long black hair and the most bountiful set of mammaries since Chesty Morgan—a majestic 44 Double D Delight! I knew I could count on her to keep the party swinging. . . . Kathy is a curly-haired brunette with the innocent look of a Sixties flower-child and the sweet gentle manners to match. Since none of these girls are "pros," I knew that they would really treat these fellows like kings—just for the fun of it. Since Benny is a close friend of my husband I couldn't really help out in the sex department but I went along and played hostess. Ben had mentioned two of the guys accompanying him in his other letters. Maxie is a paunchy, middle-aged bookie from the Bronx, and Louie C. is a tall heavy-set man with a talent for counterfeiting. But when he put his own picture on the bills he blew the whole scam . . . 15 to 30 was his reward. Moonie, Izzie and the Rabbi were as yet unknown personalities.

When the big day arrived, Bob and I arranged for food, booze and a case of champagne to be delivered to the suite of rooms reserved for them. When we arrived they all seemed as nervous as a bunch of teenage boys on their first date. I mixed some drinks and we chatted stiffly for a while. Moonie told me that he was serving time for a cocaine bust but hoped to be paroled within the year. Izzie was a quiet fellow in his late fifties with 30 years in different institutions throughout the country. The Rabbi seemed like a nice enough fellow; he shared in some champagne and chatted with us like a friend. Still he had a job to do and we respected his obigations. I wanted to make sure that everyone had loosened up a bit before the girls arrived so I kept the glasses full and they soon were joking and laughing. Bob pulled the Rabbi aside and told him about the girls we had invited, and though he couldn't give his official OK, he agreed to "look the other way." He was really an all right guy! Then the knock was heard at the door—our girls had arrived. I went to the door and ushered them in. They had dressed for the occasion and they looked perfect. When I made the introductions I thought the guys' eyes would fall on the floor. They also clammed up and sat like statues—I guess they didn't quite know how they were supposed to act. The girls spread out, freshened their drinks, lit their cigarettes and flirted like crazy. All the guys were like little kids—wanting to open their Xmas presents but too scared to try. But we kept the wine flowing and finally little Jenny brought Izzie a drink and sat on his lap and gently nibbled on his ear. His face turned bright red and his hands shook as he gulped it down in one quick slug. She instantly refilled it and within minutes he was madly in love. This was no fantasy, no dream, no memory of a long-ago romance . . . here was a real live girl, young enough to be his daughter, making very unsubtle advances. When her small hand wandered to his crotch he was unable to suppress an enormous erection . . . there was a bedroom off to the left and she soon led him

(Continued on page 74)

TWIN CITY TWAT

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

by LYNN BERRY

"We've got the only cum-covered carpet in town."

Lynn Berry runs a mail-order sex business in Minnesota that handles everything from dung photos to pussy-stained panties. A twat-twitcher of enviable proportions, our new twin-city representative has a lewd, low-down lifestyle that should have you CHERI fans frothing at the mouth. Read on and find out about the ass-sucking, pussy-lapping mid-westerner who makes Minnesota Fats look like a twig. Have ideas for any new products? Drop Lynn a note c/o CHERI. She's always open.

This is my first attempt at writing anything except letters to swingers or potential swingers who dig exchanging photos and experiences with other swingers, so all you CHERI readers will have to put up with me till my feet get as wet as my pussy.

I'm 26, 5'9", 138 lbs., 36-26-38 and very bi. I am not a beauty queen but I am far from repulsive. (I surely outshine some of the girls I have seen in "The Girl Next Door" or "The Beaver Hunt"). I have, according to all the guys and girls, fantastic legs and a nice ass. My tits aren't 44DD but what I have is a good mouthful. I have a pussy covered with lots of nice light-brown hair that loves to be parted by an active tongue regardless if it belongs to a girl or a guy. My husband is 36 and an avid photographer. He is trim, 150 lbs. on a 5'9" frame and all the guys or girls who have blown him remark that he has a beautiful cock. Not too large—about 7½" x 2"—but nice and straight with a lovely head. (I still would like to try a dude with 9" or more.)

We live in Minneapolis and though the swinging might not be as open as it is in New York we do have our "times." We try to be as discreet as possible and keep a P.O. Box in my maiden name to weed out the phonies or weirdos who answer my/our ads. God, you wouldn't believe some of the letters I receive. I will go into some of them in detail in my column in the coming months. I think all swingers lead a double life; one is the swinging scene and the other for the straight system. I mean, shit, you don't go to the Lutheran church on Sunday when you just did a centerfold for CHERI with your finger in your cunt! You have to consider your position in the community, your job, the effect your extracurricular fucking will have on your striaght friends and your family. Some of you will say, "fuck them," but after you have been into this for a while you will see what I mean. The system will be changed and I would like to help as an undercover crusader, but I am not going to stand on the corner telling everyone that I am Mrs. So-And-So, and I love to fuck, suck cock, eat pussy, and if you turn me on I am yours. There are a lot of you who would dig the publicity of a pictorial in CHERI and I admire you for it; perhaps sometime in the future I will agree to a pictorial but right now will you settle for this shot of me?

Mail-order sex! That's what it really is. You place an ad and describe your wares or you look through the catalogue searching for someone who has the commodity you are interested in. For instance, my ad would read something like this: "Bi girl 26, 5'9", 138 lbs., 36-28-38, would like to meet other bi girls or couples with bi wives. Photobug hubby participates or watches and photographs the action. Single guys with *no* hangups welcome. Revealing photo required for answer." I have taken care of several things in that ad. First, they know I am bi and that's the kind of girls/couples I want to meet. (I really dig getting it on with a chick who is reciprocative as well as responsive.) Second, they know we want photos of all the fun and games. Third, we have gotten a free ad because all swinging publications give free ads to girls or couples advertising for single guys.

The reason for the "no hangup" thing with single guys is this: when we answer a letter from a guy we tell him straight out that we want some pictures of him blowing John. This might seem a little too far out for some of you but if we have some pictures of the dude blowing John we're certain he isn't going to go around telling people he is balling me nor is he going to hassle me when John isn't home. It's an insurance policy to keep our "cover."

Next is the request for a nude picture. You won't get yourself obligated through letters or phone calls with a person or persons who are unattractive or don't turn you on. I agree that looks are not that important in some cases but the first impression is a lasting impression. An example of this is one of my first experiences: we were living in a small Wisconsin town, trying to find some swingers but I think everyone must have been fucking all those cows in "American Dairyland" 'cause it took us months of writing letters and running ads before we finally scored—and what a fucking bummer it turned out to be! A couple about 25 miles away answered one of my ads and told about her being bi (him, too) and how they would like to eat us and all the other good things they wanted to do including the photo thing. We wrote back asking for pictures of both of them but they naturally didn't have any on hand but would send some in the next letter. We exchanged correspondence for a few weeks but they always had an excuse for not sending the pictures. Finally, we agreed to meet them at a lounge close to our home.

To make their description short: "Jack Sprat and his Wife." God, she must have weighed 300 lbs. and was about 5' tall. He was about 5'8", 125 lbs. They were nice enough and we tried to be gracious as we left telling them we would call them soon. We hadn't been home three minutes when they pulled up in the driveway. They had followed us and brought a bottle of booze. We aren't the type to tell swingers to fuck off no matter what they looked like, so John invited them in and that was a scene I will never forget.

I never wear panties; I had a miniskirt on and was sitting on the couch watching TV when they came in. She sat on the floor in front of me and started playing with my legs. I didn't want to be too harsh with her

(Continued on page 73)

HANDICAPPED & HORNY

photo by PETER HURD

Footloose and fancy-free columnist Long Jean Silver offers CHERI fans a slice of her private life. By fucking and sucking a double amputee, Long Jean has come to the conclusion that a cock is a cock, legs or no legs. Our disco-dancing, triple X filmstar columnist has proven to all handicapped people that there are no physical disabilities in life, only mental ones. Jean eagerly awaits responses from all her readers re: personal experiences and suggestions for future columns. All mail sent c/o CHERI.

"Fucking a double amputee is like fucking the gear shift of a car."

by LONG JEAN SILVER

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

I happened to be a terrific dancer. I love to hustle and bump, and I often get totally carried away and do impromptu strips for my drooling admirers. Last Saturday was no exception. There I was, shaking my titties in this beautiful new disco, having a few drinks and feeling great. After about an hour of dancing with a series of really hip guys I returned back to my table to relax. Ten minutes later this very sharp-looking guy approached me and asked me to dance. Even though I was pretty tired I accepted because I didn't want to miss out on meeting him.

We danced for what seemed to be hours on end. When we returned to my table he noticed my limp and asked if my leg hurt me. I said, "No, I have an artificial leg," and I braced myself for some sort of shocked reaction but instead this guy only smiled and said, "I have two artificial legs." I was so flabbergasted! I told him I didn't believe him because he didn't limp at all and was a better dancer than most of the guys on the floor. I said, "Look buddy, if you think you're going to play sick jokes on me you'd better think twice." He replied, "I'm not kidding, listen. . . ." He then bent over and knocked on both his legs, sure enough they were artificial. I must say I was surprised and a little bit pleased.

We decided that we wanted to split the disco and head to somewhere where we could be alone. I, of course, being very turned on by this guy invited him over to my apartment. There's a swimming pool in my building, so I suggested we go for a late night dip. Our first stop was his place to pick up a pair of trunks. When we got to the pool it was completely empty so we decided, what the heck, and began to take off our legs. Mike (the name of this handsome guy) had to sit by the edge so he could just fall in. I hopped around looking for a place to put the legs so they wouldn't get wet. Mike wasn't a terrific swimmer but we had fun sharing some very wet kisses and gropes. After about an hour another couple came up to the pool; they took one look at our legs on top of the chair and left. We cracked up. By this time we were getting water-logged so we decided to get out.

We went to my place and made some drinks and dried off. I was sopping wet (not from the pool) and figured I would have to make the first attack. I bolstered up my courage and went into the living room where Mike was sitting, reading an old copy of CHERI magazine. I figured this was a positive sign; I leaned over and began to take off his swimming trunks. He squirmed a little to help me and soon they were home free. I immediately noticed a lovely erection and was all set and rarin' to go. We helped each other in taking off our legs; this turned out to be very tender and erotic. Mike then lay down so I could mount him. That was the only way we could fuck unless he wanted to put his legs back on and that was a real drag. I just hopped right on and started to hump. What a trip. Fucking him was like fucking the gear shift of a car. Believe me, I'm not putting him down—he was great. He gave spectacular head and sucked my pussy till it was sore. I, of course, returned the favor and sucked him till he was shaking. He had a big prick for someone with no legs, not that the two have anything to do with each other. When the evening was over we were so exhausted we just passed out. We slept till four p.m. the next day and then went through the whole deal again. I can't tell you how much I felt as though I was racing at the Grand Prix.

This time around we got into, after a good deal of amusing arrangement, some heavy sixty-nining. It worked out very well since he had no legs to dangle uncomfortably off the edge of the bed. I just wrapped my arms around the trunk of his body and my lips around his cock and we took off. After we were all sucked out I rolled him over to the wall, creamed up his cock and slowly inserted it up my asshole. This worked out the best since I was in complete control and could work it all in at a nice slow pace. This turns me way on and I guess Mike must have enjoyed it too since he was moaning and groaning something unreal. Finally, he exploded after I had come about seven times and I must say it was one of the finest fuck sessions I had ever had. I told him so and he told me that a lot of girls really dig him because they can maneuver really intricate positions since he has no legs to get in the way.

After a brief nap, we strapped on our legs and headed for our favorite disco. Looking at us boogie I'm sure no one could guess we only had one good leg between us.

We go out all the time now. We have this crazy habit of wearing super short-shorts to goof on all the people who stare at us like we're freaks. We just laugh when people avoid us because we don't care. Only ignorant people judge someone by their deformities. We figure, "If you don't got it . . . flaunt it." We shouldn't have to hide ourselves when its hot outside just to protect people who might think we are ugly. Mike and I completely accept our disabilities. We still want to live happy and full lives. So for all handicapped people reading this article, I hope you all have accepted your handicap and are not ashamed of the way you might seem to others.

I'm crippled but I love my life and plan to continue living and loving and laughing for a long long time.

Love,
Long Jean Silver

BOSTON CONFIDENTIAL

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

by DANIELLE SMITH

"In Boston, sex is always right around the corner."

The Boston sex scene is busted wide open by our new columnist Danielle Smith. Strip shows, bookstores, S/M clubs and bang bars you may have overlooked on your last visit will now be as familiar to you as the local Holiday Inns. Danielle, a die-hard Boston boogier, will lay some advice on you that will insure the five-star suck-cess of your next trip. Write away, c/o CHERI.

Sex in Boston is largely what you make it. Why? Both Boston's Puritan heritage and its large student population have effectively kept many overtly sexual "businesses" from opening. (Why these two obviously conflicting groups should have inadvertently caused the same results I'll discuss later in the article. The sex scene is subdued, diffused and largely underground—yet there are plenty of opportunities if you are willing to go a rather indirect route to get there!

Perhaps the best known of Boston's sexual watering holes is the now nationally famous (or infamous, depending upon your point of view) Combat Zone. This approximately ten-square-block area begins at the corner of Boylston and Tremont Streets. Here you can find almost anything you want in the way of hardcore bookstores, strip bars, hustling bars and streetwalkers. As of this writing, the Zone is a bad scene for customers and hustlers alike. The stabbing of two Harvard football players there plus the diGrazia report on police corruption have caused a major crackdown on the Zone. By the spring of 1977 things should be calmed down; but venturing into the Zone has always been a slightly risky undertaking because of the heavy crime element in the area. There are plenty of honest hookers and honest bars—but always beware of the non-honest element.

I've only found one private club in Boston where the emphasis is carnal. Noah's Ark is located at 105 Summer Street in downtown Boston. If you have the time to spend in the area, the membership fee of $35 for three months is a worthwhile investment. This membership fee applies to everyone; however, admission and drinks are free for women on Sundays. (The manager told me this is to prevent any type of hustling or feelings of obligation to a man on the part of the woman.) Everyone is introduced on a first-name-only basis. You are under no obligation to give your phone number to anyone there or to make your own scene with anyone. The nights for "members only" are Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays, with Sundays open to both members and non-member women. Because of (rather than in spite of) there being no organized activities, it seems to be a good club for pleasure-seekers to look into.

If you'd prefer the professional route and have very little time to spare, then the massage ads in the *Boston Phoenix* might be the answer. The prices range from $30 up, depending upon which masseuse you call and what you want. For those who live in the area or who will be spending an extended length of time in Boston, try the *Phoenix* personals. Some of the advertisers are call girls who charge $50 and up for an hour's time. Other personals are just horny people looking for partners. From "personal" experience, I can highly recommend the personals no matter what you're looking for. If you're male, answering ads from females is usually more successful than placing an ad yourself. However, you might want to try an ad if your tastes are very specialized. Correspondence is usually handled through a *Phoenix* box number.

Now we come to the less direct ways of finding willing partners. One way is the singles bars and discos, although if you're looking for a willing female, you may have to put up with a lot of wining-and-dining bullshit before anything develops. If this is what you're into, or you want to try it out, then pick up a copy of the *Phoenix* or *Real Paper* to find out where all the hot spots are.

At this point you may be despairing of ever finding anyone. Relax. Some of the best places to find sex in Boston may be just around the corner. I'm talking about concerts (both classical and rock), art exhibits or movies (foreign and nostalgia specials), especially if you're looking for the college or post-college crowd. One of the better areas for this is Kenmore Square and west of there, as this is Boston University's home. Another hot place is Harvard Square in Cambridge, home of (what else?) Harvard University and Radcliffe. At least 20 clubs, cafes and restaurants are within walking distance, most having an international flavor. It helps to have a faintly intellectual air, however, in either of these squares. One of the best ways to start a conversation is to carry a book (one you've read, hopefully) and look like part of the community. Youth is revered in America and especially in Cambridge. However, if you're older, looking like a professor never hurts.

This "travelogue" should give you an idea of where to look for what. But there's more to the Boston scene than that. I mentioned that there are few overtly sexual places to meet people because of the Puritan overlay and the large student population. The Puritan ethic, along with a heavy overdose of Irish Catholic guilt, has managed to keep sex mostly confined to the Combat Zone. The large freewheeling student population has, ironically, done the same thing. Because sex is so open and available on the approximately 30 college campuses in the area, the student community has never needed a place to meet just for sex. Consequently, most people meet in the places I've mentioned: cafes, movies, concerts.

Boston is not a city of sophisticates. It is a very ethnic city—a city of neighborhoods. It is also a city that puts premiums on education and culture. Boston is perhaps one of the few cities in the United States where you'll find people with Ph.D.'s working as waiters and waitresses. This was true even before the current unemployment situation. Boston was one of the student meccas of the late Sixties and early Seventies. People who went to college elsewhere gravitated here; people

(Continued on page 73)

MISTRESS ROSEANNE

photo by ALLEN

Mistress Roseanne makes Ilsa the She-Wolf of the SS look like Little Bo-Peep. This month, our sultry sadist whose motto is, "Tis better to give than to receive" offers a rare insight into her youthful past as a mini-meanie. Mistress Roseanne is now accepting application for human sacrifices and other torturous taste-treats so get your bids in early: write her immediately c/o CHERI.

"I know what it's like to be whipped, I was raised by nuns."

by MISTRESS ROSEANNE

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

He was seated on a stool—a wooden unpainted kitchen-type stool with no back to it. His arms hung down by his sides, the wrists chained to the rungs beneath the seat—as I walked around the stool several times contemplating what mischievious games to play with my new found toy. I could see on his face expectancy and fear, the fear I got off on. I spit in his face and laughed uproariously enjoying his humiliation. Taunting him, I slapped his face. *You think you're afraid now? You stupid asshole. By the time I'm finished with you, you'll know real fear.* I knocked over the stool with my boot and the trembling slave fell to the floor. *You jerk, you clumsy bastard—get your ass and that stool back the way it was.* As he attempted to get up I grabbed the riding crop and whacked it across the flesh of his bare legs. *What is taking you so long? How dare you make me stand here and wait for you to carry out a command?*

Of course, because of the position in which he was bound to the stool, it was impossible for him to set himself upright again. The idea of telling him to do something totally impossible and then punishing him for failing was ecstatic. I revelled on the sound of the crop as I brought it again and again across his flesh.

Are you purposely defying me? Are you? I screamed in his ear. His fear was so great he attained the impossible and managed to set himself in an upright position. *You took too long pig and you look much too comfortable.* I unchained him but only to change his position to a much more advantageous one for me. He was now bent over the stool, his wrists chained to one side and his ankles to the other, his middle across the top so that his ass was in a great spot for any and all of the sadistic things I could think of to torture him. First came the razor strop for seasoning. You see, I'm not without some mercy, I reminded him as I brought the strop down over and over again with all my strength. Then came the thongs and the red welts started to become black and blue. The slave began to cry and plead with me, much to my satisfaction. I reminded him how in allowing him to serve me—waiting on me hand and foot—I had fulfilled his fantasy, and now it was his turn to fill mine. After all, he should realize what an honor it is to be whipped by me or even be allowed the privilege of my presence. Releasing him from the stool but keeping his hands chained I had him kneel before me and confess his transgressions of the previous week. After which I punished him so that in atonement he could find peace within himself, and perhaps then be considered worthy of being my slave and property.

One of the most frequent questions asked me is: what do I get out of a scene? Do I enjoy it? Do I in fact have an orgasm? What does the sadist feel when he is whipping someone?

Most of my life has been spent in the frustration of not having an avenue of release, for what people called my bad temper. As a child and into adulthood I have smashed and broken everything I could lay my hands on. Why? The reason is relatively simple, the solution is not. Yes, I admit to having a destructive temper; however, I have found no outlet other than breaking things up and this is, of course, an expensive outlet few of us can afford. I also am considered by my friends and acquaintances to be somewhat of a humanitarian. I enjoy helping others and do not consider it a weakness for a person to be concerned for a friend's physical or emotional welfare. However, it is most difficult to be brutal to someone, at the risk of a guilty conscience, or losing a good friend. Fortunately, for me, I have discovered S/M games. Fantasies shared between myself and an extreme opposite have proven to be emotionally healthful. Just as I am instinctively aggressive and sadistic, there are those who enjoy being submissive and masochistic.

It is my evaluation that being sadistic or masochistic is neither wrong or mentally unhealthy. However, to impose your nature on someone who does not enjoy it is not only wrong, but an invasion of their privacy.

In our January issue of CHERI I had received a letter from a reader calling herself Sister X. Having been raised by nuns I am fully aware of what this reader refers to as subjugation. First of all, in response to this letter, let me say I am a spiritualist not a religious person. I may very well be a romantic but find no necessity in hiding behind a habit to justify my sadism. I too, from the age of four to the age of 15, knew what it meant to be whipped, bullied, humiliated, and whatever else could be thought of to fulfill the sadistic frustrations of those in charge of our school. Perhaps for these very reasons I am the type of individual you know today. However, through this improper handling of children I learned something else. I learned concern for my fellow man, and the damage we do to ourselves and our loved ones. Perhaps if we did not forget love and romanticism we would not beat our children or our wives. I admit causing pain to someone not only gives me an orgasm but psychological tranquility. Rather that I make a game of it and find release that way, than beat up a child or be another Boston strangler.

Yes, readers, I take great delight in my sadistic games; however, I would never do irreparable damage to someone's mind or body.

Our true nature is something we can supress but not deny. However, from suppression comes frustration, anger, hostility, and then real physical harm, brutality and unfortunately, also murder, rape—not to mention the psychological harm.

So, regress if you will to games; play is preferable to the realities of our world—there we can be ourselves in controlled conditions and not some maniac running amok.

As for me, I shall bid you good-bye. There is at this moment a tender supple body chained across my table, a pot of scalding water with a branding iron and an anticipating pink ass just waiting for my mark and I am eager to fulfill a mutual fantasy.

Mistress Roseanne

PICK OF THE PERSONALS

by RENEE ROUSSEAU

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

photo by PETER HURD

Renee Rousseau, whose mailbox is being picketed by the board of decency and anti-smut, dauntlessly continues to send away for her mail-order goodies. This month our too-heavy postal princess receives a collection of snatch-stroking cassettes and a complete collection of Catholic classics, including your all-time fav, "Carnal Cardinal." Write Renee today, c/o CHERI.

"Candy's jerk-off tapes are a collector's item."

The ad read, "Do You Masturbate? My girlfriends and I have made an hour-long cassette tape of ourselves getting off. Each of us tells you what we're doing to ourselves and what we'll do to you. Cum with each of us." $5.95 seemed fair enough so I quickly sent a money order zooming across the country to "Michelle, 8611½ Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069." Within a couple of weeks the tape arrived, carefully wrapped, I might add, in one of those special corrugated envelopes to ensure a safe delivery. One look at the cassette and I thought I'd been burned by a large company. The titles, *Side One: Michelle* and *Side Two: Suzanne & Candy* were stamped on as if this were one of millions of identical tapes.

But wait . . . I noticed a very long handwritten note included with it. This chick explained that she answers mail for the girls who recorded the tape. She told me about her own extensive sexual preferences and offered to send me some photos, too. She went so far as to volunteer to mail me the new tape her friends were recording if I didn't like this one!

She needn't have worried. I listened to the tape that very evening. A full 30 minutes on each side—they were excellently produced, with good tonal quality—featuring these babes getting themselves off sexually. Believe me, they were effective! Sexy, hot voices and a carefully timed build-up (I wondered if they wrote some kind of script) made them a scintillating treat. It seemed to me that the whole experience of hearing these would be equally erotic to men *and* women, which is nice for couples who want to invest a few bucks for a novel love toy. As I listened to the voices of these chicks I realized that one reason they made me so horny was because I could vividly imagine the sensual scenes described in my own private way. Photographs are so explicit that nothing is left concealed, and I found it great fun to fantasize along with these funky gals.

One of the three, with a delicate, innocent voice, fondles herself while thoroughly describing everything she does. The rest of the tape is comprised of one of the others masturbating with a dildo while the third, who favors dominance, leads an intimate session with her invisible partner. This tape bursts with a potpourri of pleasure that will delight almost anyone (unless you're into extreme perversion, in which case it may seem a bit tame). And if it's produced by a large company and the letter-writing chick just works for them, which I sort of doubt, at least it's one that doesn't suck in your money like a hungry vacuum without giving anything worthwhile in return.

***

You don't see ads promoting "Catholic Erotica" everyday, so I curiously sent off $1.00 for a price list to Box 183, Haddonfield, NJ 08033. I promptly received one of the most flamboyant envelopes I've yet to see. My name was scrawled across it in inch-high letters, some of which were carefully inked in (the zip-code numbers in particular) in a style that seemed a cross between a demented second-grader and an eccentric artist. Inside, a xeroxed order form.

Half of this sheet of paper was filled up by a testimonial that the buyer must sign vowing you aren't a government postal inspector trying to bust the company. We've seen it before. This one, however, went so far as to request both a notary public seal *and* a personal photograph as authorization before you can buy the stuff. Somehow, I don't think too many people are gonna go for that, although a suggestively posed nude photo might make 'em take notice!

The sizzling "erotica" offered turned out to be a total of 10 porn books with titles like *Basilica Brothel*, *Pimp Priest*, and *Carnal Cardinal*. Get the idea? There was no further explanation of any kind and for $10.00 a shot seems rather risky, since they could be five or 500 pages long. I'd suggest that if you order these, you pray for satisfaction when you mail out your money.

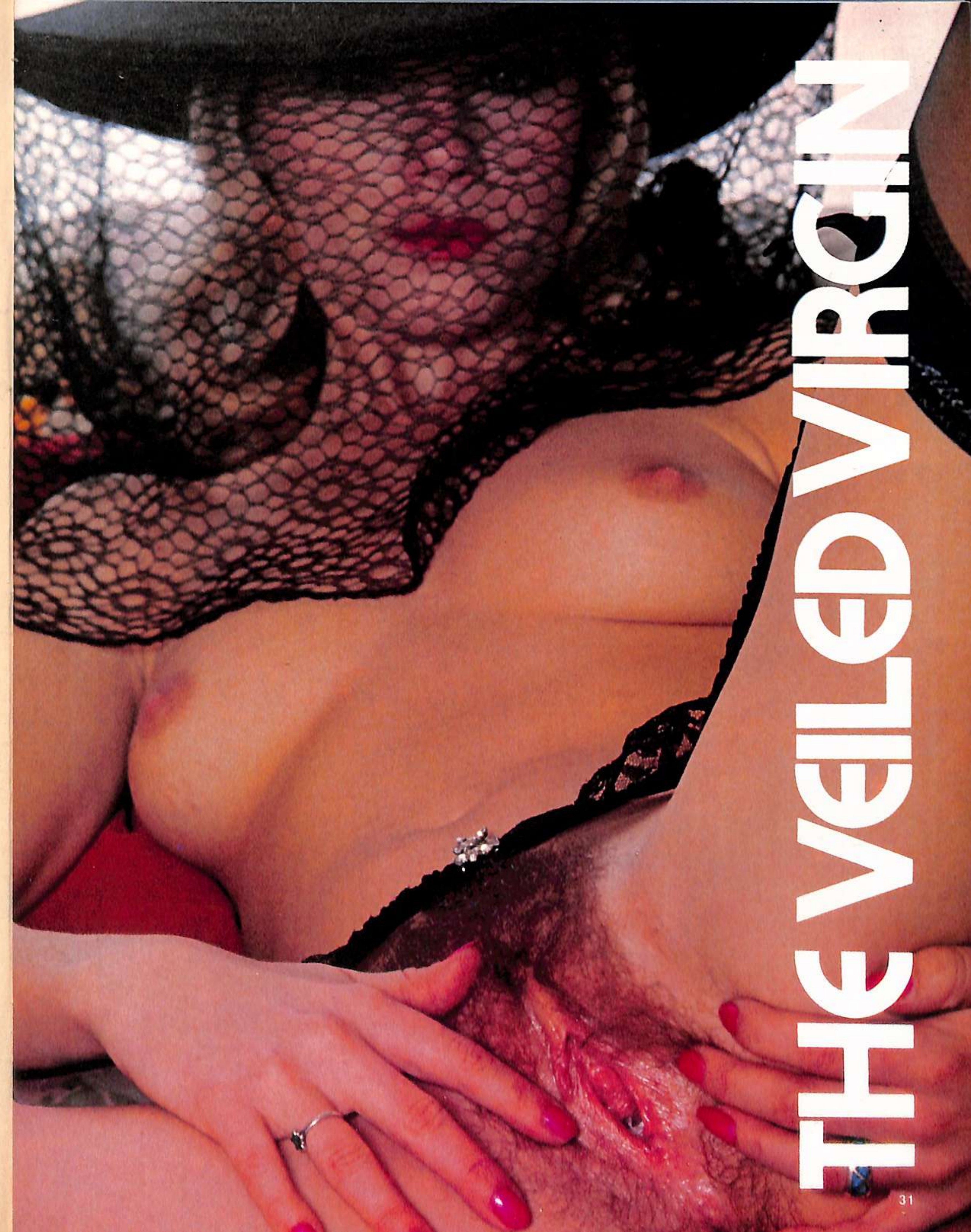
***

"I sent $5.00 for three "Peeing and Spread Pictures" to P.O. Box 764, Hagerstown, MD. A few months back I'd gotten some good stuff from somebody else in that state so I decided to see what other surprises might pop up. Soon I was feasting my eyes on a trio of prime-grade amateur shots that had just arrived when something struck me. The woman in the photos looked vaguely familiar. A glance at the name on the accompanying note confirmed that these pix had come from the same people I had ordered from earlier at a different address. Apparently they have at least two P.O. Boxes, which is okay with me as long as they deliver what they promise.

In this case, I got one photo of the chick lying on a bed with both legs in the air, another of her urinating on a guy in a bathtub, and a third one of her spread-eagle on a couch. I was pretty much pleased with this batch until I coincidentally received a note from another CHERI reader complaining that he had written to Box 111, Laurel, MD (which was the first address that I'd written to these people at a few months ago). He had sent $11.00 that brought absolutely nothing in return. Maybe B.C. just didn't wait long enough for his bundle. I suggest trying again. Sometimes I wait as long as three months before an order turns up! Still, $11.00 is a lot of money to gamble and I hope this reader lets us know the final outcome.

A reader from Maryland recently wrote to complain that some erotic films he ordered through the mail were never delivered. He added that upon writing again to these California companies

(Continued on page 74)



THE VEILED VIRGIN

MEET ALICIA—SNUG, STONED, AND UNDERSEXED—STICKIN' IT IN IN THE BACKSEAT OF HER DADDY'S SWELL DORADO.

There are a lot of really groovy things about being kept. One—no taxes. Two—the craven respect of boutique salesgirls and manicurists everywhere. Three—the inner serenity that comes from frequent afternoon naps. But there is one thing that does not come from an evenly-spaced arrangement with a sugar daddy, sugar, and that's good sex. The best-kept secret of the best-kept babes is that if a gentleman has to pay cash for his pleasure . . . and there are no discounts in the full-time sweetmeat biz . . . the pleasure is all his, if you dig.

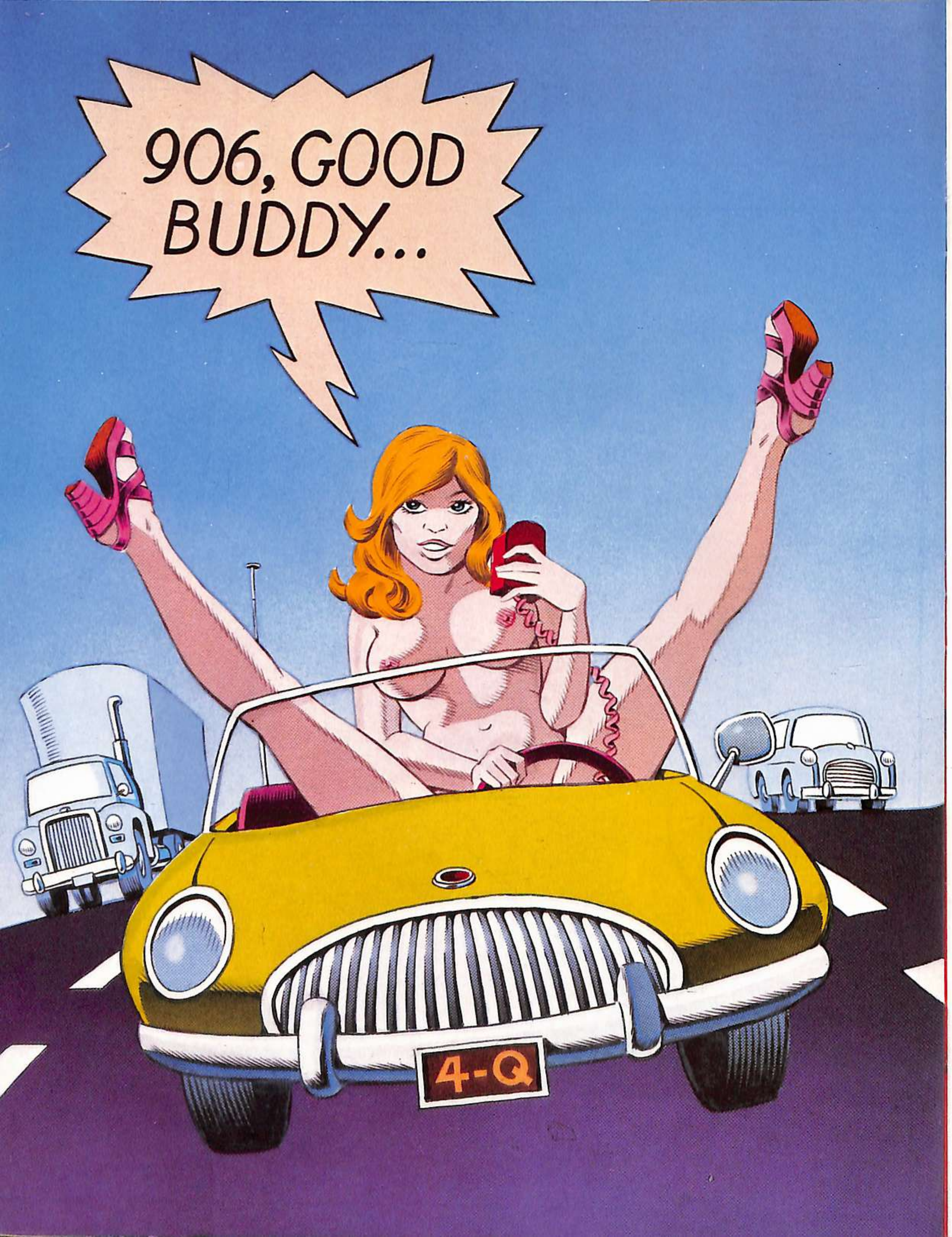
But there are, no doubt about it, even in the sex-on-the-sidewalk seventies, older gentlemen of certain means who know how to treat a lady well, as John Cale once wrote on one of his lesser albums. Your average young stud may take you home, throw on a Ramones record, shackle you to the headboard and ball you 'til you vibrate like an exposed nerve . . . but he is, sadly, not into springing for the rent. He is into that delicious rut-sweat that coats the body like warm honey when things regress to the primitive. He runs to high, keening come cries that shatter Miller bottles . . . but no, he ain't your friend at Chase Manhattan, dear. In this world of increasing fiscal specialization, it turns out that some of the best deposits never show up on bank ledgers—although interest always runs high.

Thus, Alicia. Snug, stoned and

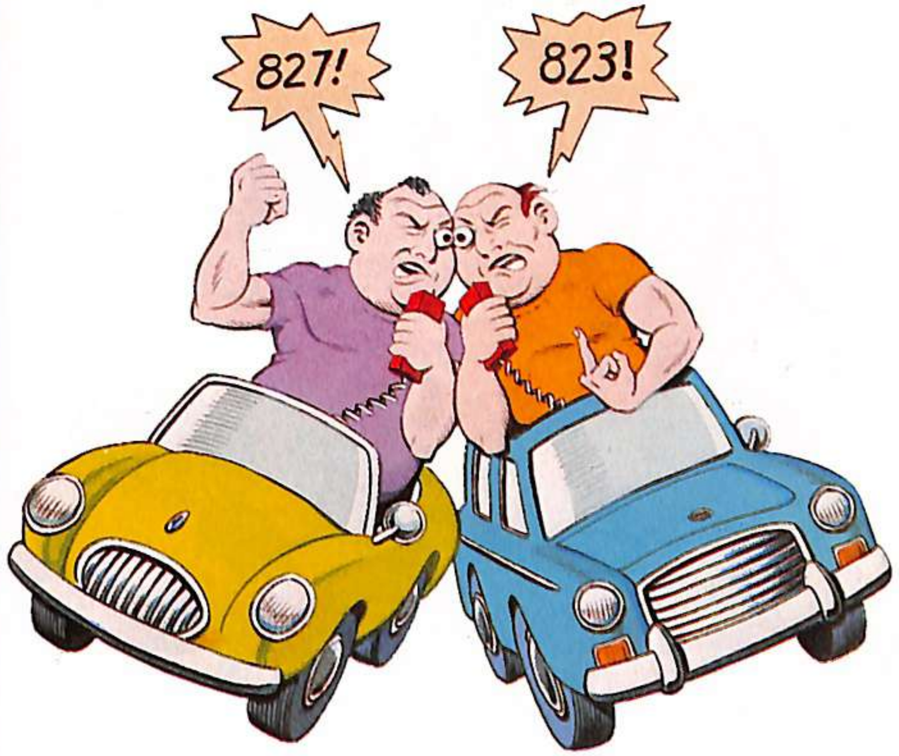
THE SORDID SECRETS OF A FISCALLY-FIXED FOX THE GOOD STUFF DON'T COME CHEAP, IS THE PROBLEM

undersexed in the back of her 'admirer's' El Dorado, she is giving vent to passions unplumbed, forced by her own erotic equation (natural human greed + a certain sense of style = other people's expense accounts) to seek sexual solace elsewhere. Her 'daddy' would definitely frown on her hanging out at those tasty meat-rack bars downtown where an

(Continued on page 96)



THE CHERI GUIDE TO XXX-RATED CB TALK



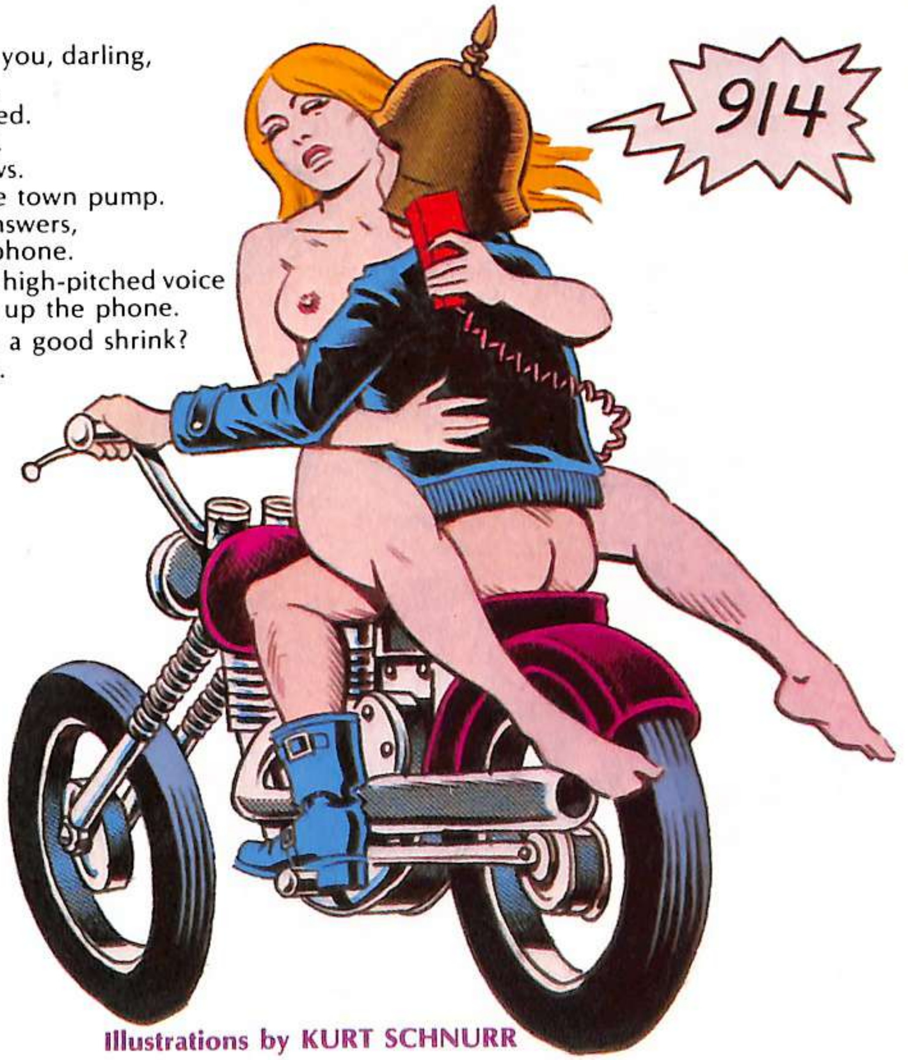
It has come to the attention of this austere publication that many owners of Citizens Band radios have been using foul and abusive language in the everyday (normal) exchange of communications.

Recently, the Federal Communications Commission has ordered CB users to cease and desist from this ugly and disreputable practice and has further warned that its regulations will be enforced.

As a public service, CHERI herewith offers a code list for gutter-mouthed CB freaks. The following numbers will permit you to alleviate your frustrations and pick up chicks, while providing a precise and effective means of communication without trespass upon the FCC's naughty language barrier.

Memorize this list and post it near your CB unit for constant memory refreshment.

701. I swing.
702. I swap.
703. I itch.
704. I'm bi.
705. I'm high.
706. I'm straight.
707. I French.
708. I English.
709. I Greek.
710. Only weekends.
711. Only lunch hours.
712. Now.
713. I like it three-way.
714. I'm into photos.
715. Take my picture.
716. Soft stuff only.
717. Hard stuff only.
718. S.
719. M.
720. B.
721. D.
722. Nylon.
723. Leather.
724. Rubber.
725. Rubbers?
726. Suck my toes.
727. Suck my pits.
728. Have you fucked Michelle Craven yet?
729. You're the only one who hasn't.
730. Be gentle.
731. First tell me you love me.
732. I'm faithful to you, darling, in my fashion.
733. I'm not married.
734. I'm separated.
735. My wife knows.
736. My wife is the town pump.
737. If a woman answers, hang up the phone.
738. If a man with a high-pitched voice answers, hang up the phone.
739. Do you know a good shrink?
740. Smokey sucks.



Illustrations by KURT SCHNURR

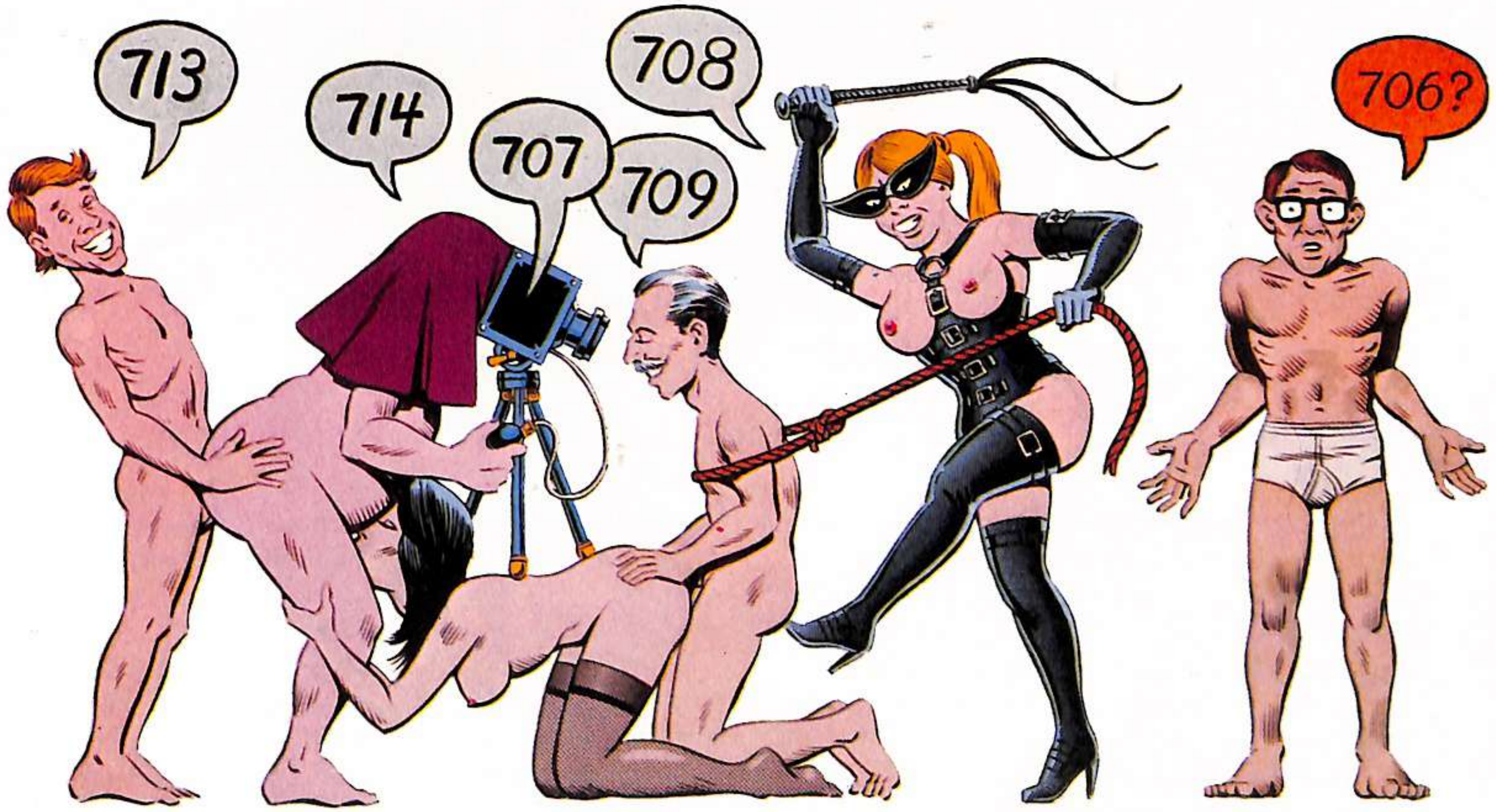
801. You gotta be shittin' me.
802. Get off my fuckin' case.
803. Beats the shit out of me.
804. What the fuck!
805. What a fuck!
806. Fuck you very much.
807. I hate this fucking traffic.
808. I hate this fucking CB set.
809. I hate my Accu-Jack.
810. I hate my hairy palm.
811. Furburger at the cloverleaf.
812. I just got laid.
813. Unfuckingbelievable!
814. I just got relayed and parlayed.
815. Fucking-A right!
816. Eat shit.
817. No shit.
818. Hot shit!
819. Horse shit!
820. Dipshit!
821. Do I sound like someone who gives a shit?

822. Tell someone who gives a shit.
823. Pound salt up your ass.
824. Rotate!
825. Up your ass with fiberglass.
826. Up your cunt with a ten-yard punt.
827. Get off my fucking channel.
828. Get bent.
829. Your ass is as bent as your antenna.
830. Tell it to your pimp.
831. Tell it to Linda Lovelace.
832. Tell it to Peter Wolff.
833. I don't give a rat's ass.
834. Help, my pecker's caught in the ashtray.

835. Henry Ford eats it.
836. Ralph Nader eats it.
837. Linda Lovelace eats it.
838. I don't show pink.
839. I'm saving it for marriage.
840. Not tonight, I've got a headache.

901. Cool it, fella, that's my wife.
902. Help me dump this bitch, buddy.
903. She's your broad, you fuck her.
904. See you at the motel.
905. See you at the baths.
906. Let's fuck.
907. I'm all fucked out.
908. I give handjobs.
909. I give head.
910. I give great head.

911. I'll fuck the fleet.
912. Fuck me up the ass.
913. Have cunt will travel.
914. Have cock will travel.
915. You can't afford me.
916. I can't afford you.
917. Sorry, I got the rag on.
918. Sorry, I got a dose.
919. Sorry, I got crabs.
920. I love the rag.



921. Your place.
922. My place.
923. Any place.
924. Next time, bitch.
925. Take my wife, please.
926. Take my daughter, please.
927. Take my sheep, please.
928. I swallow.
929. I spit.
930. Beat me.

931. Eat me.
932. Your ass sucks wind.
933. Your mother sucks wind.
934. Do you titfuck?
935. Do you do double insertions?
936. I'm horny.
937. Let me sit on your face.
938. I wouldn't let you sit on my face.
939. On your knees, bitch!
940. Don't hurt me.

SEX IN PUBLIC:

IN HER LATEST MOVIE, SHARON MITCHELL SUCKS AND FUCKS EVERY WHICH WHERE.

by Archibald Simms

Imagine taking a subway ride one night and a beautiful girl saunters over to sit close to you even though the rest of the car is empty. Before you know it, this beautiful stranger strips, pulls you to the floor and teaches you that subways are not just for sleeping—they're also for fucking! And why not? What's wrong with "getting off" at Times Square or Yankee Stadium? Nothing, you say. Sounds great, but who could expect to get such service for a mere 50ff token? *You* can, if you get on line to see the new sex comedy, *Sex Crazy*, starring Sharon Mitchell.

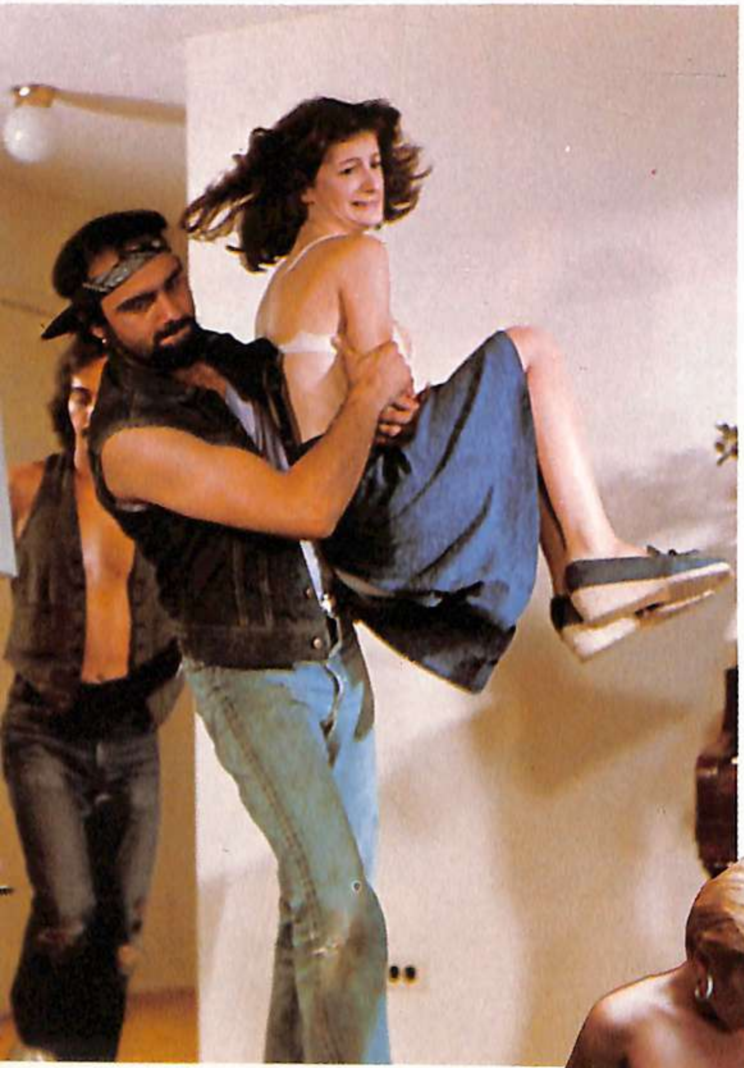
That's right. Sharon not only puts out on the subway, but also in an alley, a hospital, an office-building elevator and finally at an airport. Not only that, but her escapades make the headlines and pretty soon girls are "raping" guys all over town—and in the most unexpected places!

It seems conventional indoor screwing behind closed doors in bed is just not Sharon Mitchell's thing. We get the impression that if some guy wanted to take her to bed, she would counter with: "What are you, some kind of a freak?"

Putting such far-out sex on film was no easy task. The reader is reminded that New York is not a town where sidewalks are pulled in at 10 p.m. Also keep in mind that the Panavision camera on a tripod or a dolly is bigger than two phone booths. Add sound equipment and lights, and it's pretty tough to hide behind a tree.

We naturally became curious about the technical aspects of shooting a sex film "on location." The logistics seemed to be overwhelming. We asked the producer-director team, Derek Davidson and Harley Mansfield, to elaborate on some of the problems they encountered in shooting the film. "Lining up locations that would work," they said in unison. In what way, we wanted to know? Well, they commented, every location was

SEX IN PUBLIC:



An airport,
a subway car,
an elevator,
a men's room:
"Sex Crazy"
does it everywhere.

obtained legitimately, with full permission of the owners. So we acted real stupid: "If you had permission, what could be the problem?" "Well, put it this way," they said. "What someone doesn't know can't hurt them. Most people never asked what kind of film was being shot, so we didn't volunteer. It would have created 'crowd control' problems. Suppose the office-building owner from whom we rented the elevator knew what was being shot. He would have insisted on being there himself and maybe bringing some of his friends as 'technical advisors.' It happens every time. Not that we blame them. A real live peep show. But why further complicate an already complicated situation. So they were told to stay away from the premises. Go to the movies, we advised them.

"When the owner of a location where we wanted to do a sex scene did ask what we were going to film, we told them we were making a sex comedy and that the scene would contain nudity. We also asked the owner to stay away during filming. Some people backed out, but obviously most didn't because we got every location we wanted. The way we got permission to shoot in some of the more difficult locations in the film is going to remain a well-guarded secret. We'll tell you this much: the trick was to find sources no one else ever thought of. It wasn't easy." We believe it.

No matter how carefully one plans, shooting usually takes longer than anticipated. For instance, during the night scene in the alley, the generator refused to work. It took time to find another source of electricity—in the middle of the night. But New York is not called The Big Apple for nothing. You can get anything you want at any time. Just bring money!

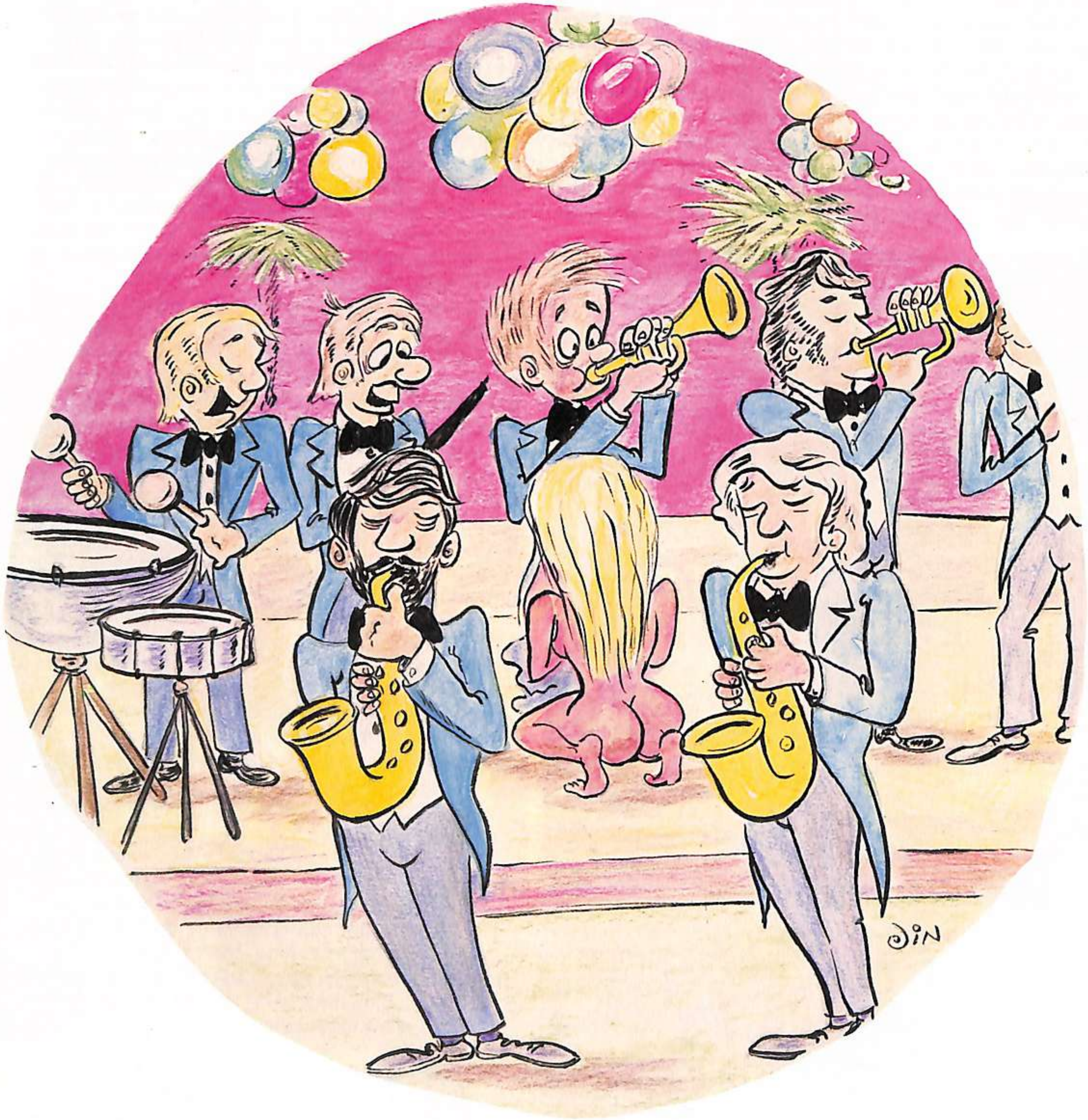
The Eagle Scout who lined up the various locations did himself real proud. Every place worked out beautifully. All sets authentic—except one: it was not possible to find a bathroom large enough to accommodate the action *and* the camera crew. The only solution was to build a bathroom in the studio.

Sex Crazy was conceived, written, produced and directed by Derek Davidson and Harley Mansfield, whose combined credits include: *Danish Pastries*, *Abduction*, *Teenage Cheerleader* (CHERI, Nov. '76), television and theatrical productions. While working in various production capacities on each of the above films, they made very substantial contributions to making those films box-office successes. It is an experienced team that works extremely well together.

The story (and an excellent one it is, we are happy to report) is about Joy, a virgin (that endangered species of which a mere handful remain) who has so far held on to her cherry despite consistent efforts on the part of her boyfriend. He is distraught for two reasons: he's not getting any and, what's even worse, he is the laughing stock of his fellow members on the basketball team for hanging around with a girl who won't put out.

But cherries don't last forever; she soon gets raped by two burglars who introduce her to the joy of fucking. This experience makes her a convert. She sneaks into her boyfriend's apartment and gives it to him in the bathtub. But it's not enough for her. She is now after every cock in town, with a vengeance. Soon she is screwing in an alley, a subway car, a hospital, an office-building elevator and an airport men's room—to name a few. Her escapades set off a chain reaction and, before you know it, Fun City goes sex crazy, with women

(Continued on page 88)



"It's about time someone wrote music for the skin flute!"

THE INCREDIBLE CHERI

Photographed by Peter Hurd

No jokes and hardly any comment. Cheri Baum, a New York college student, needs little verbal introduction. Her body says it all.

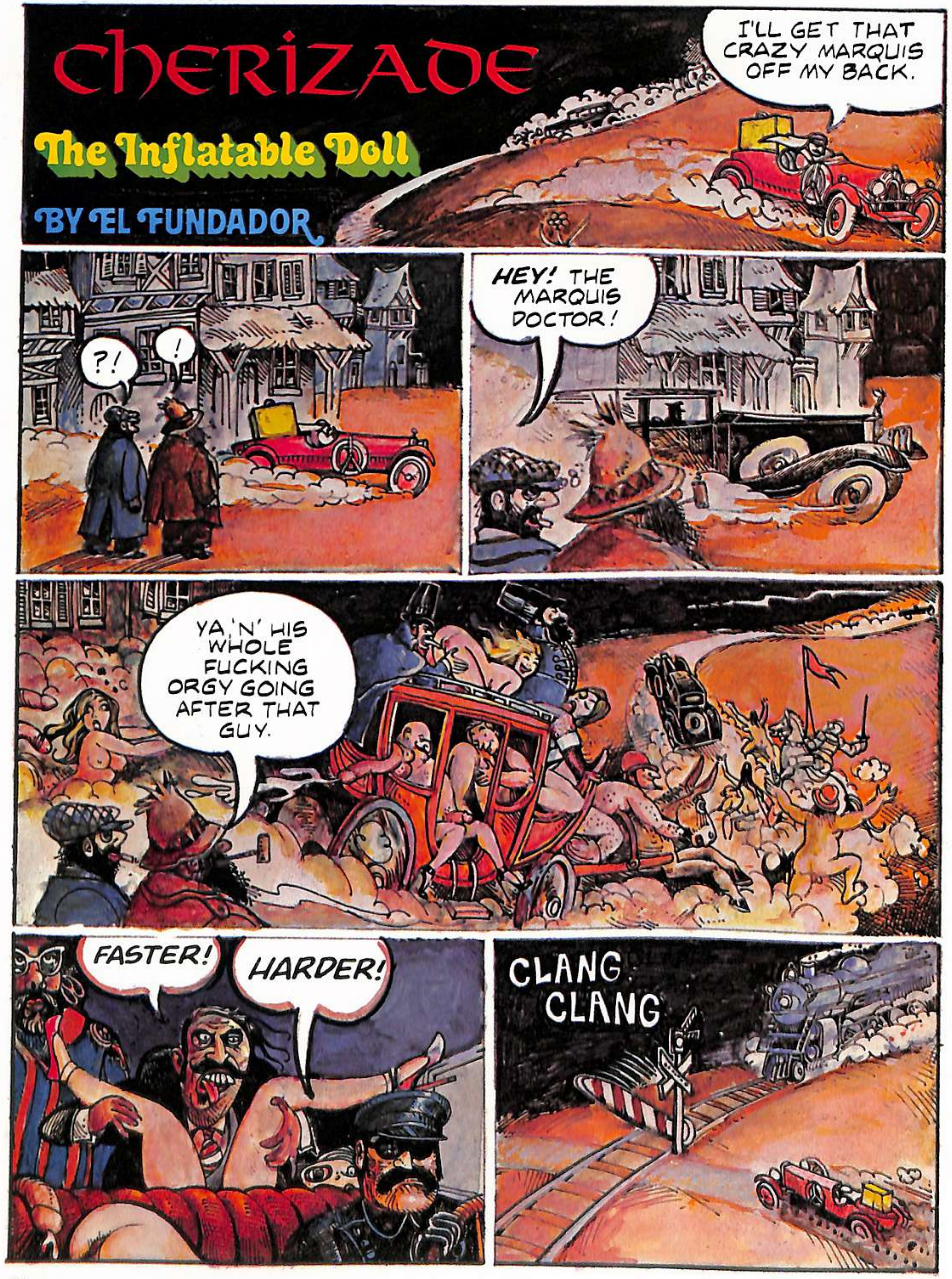
"People like me," she says, "and they like to confide in me. Maybe I look like the mother they wish they'd had."

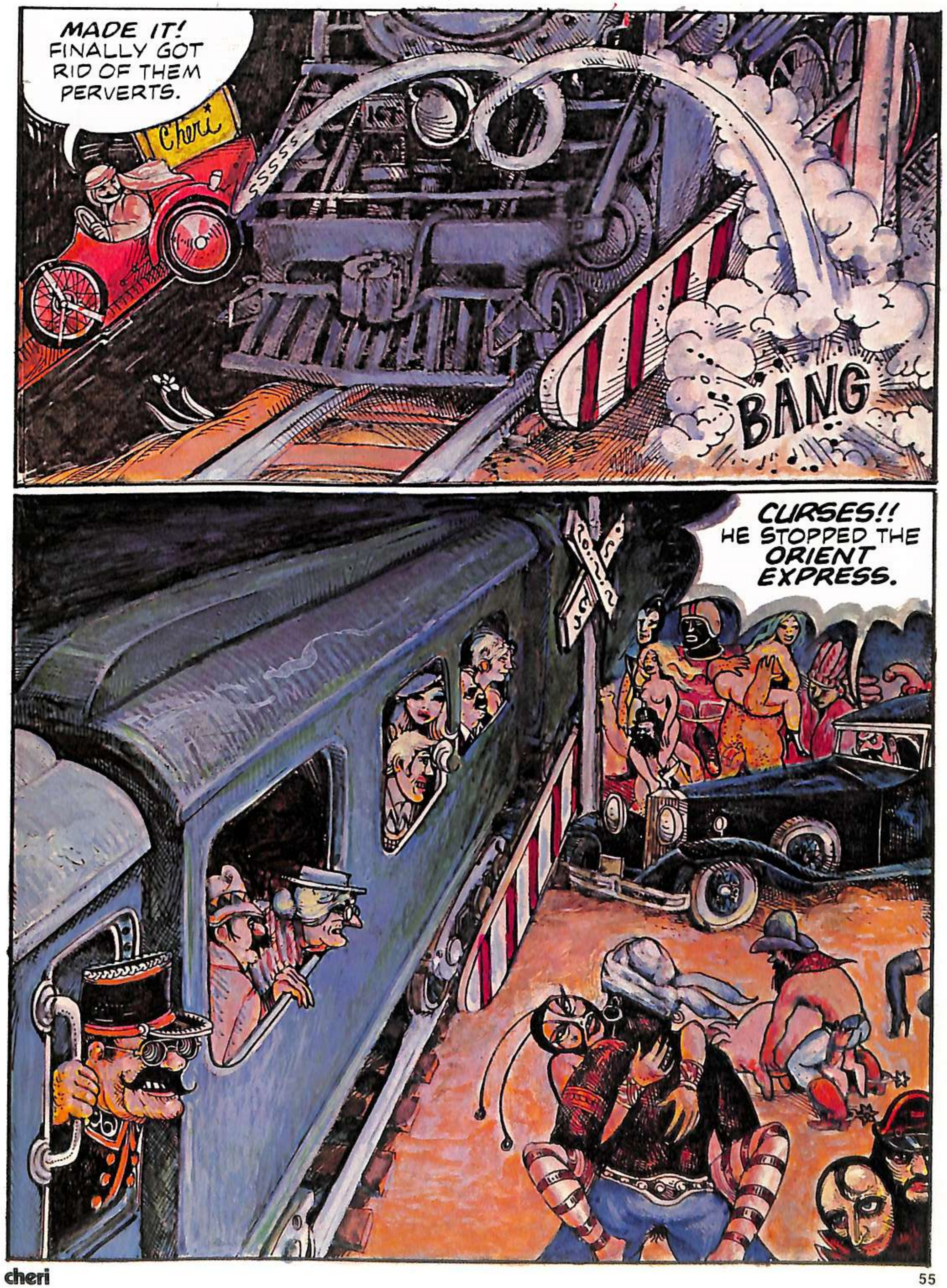
If the staff has anything to say about it, this won't be Cheri's last appearance in our magazine.

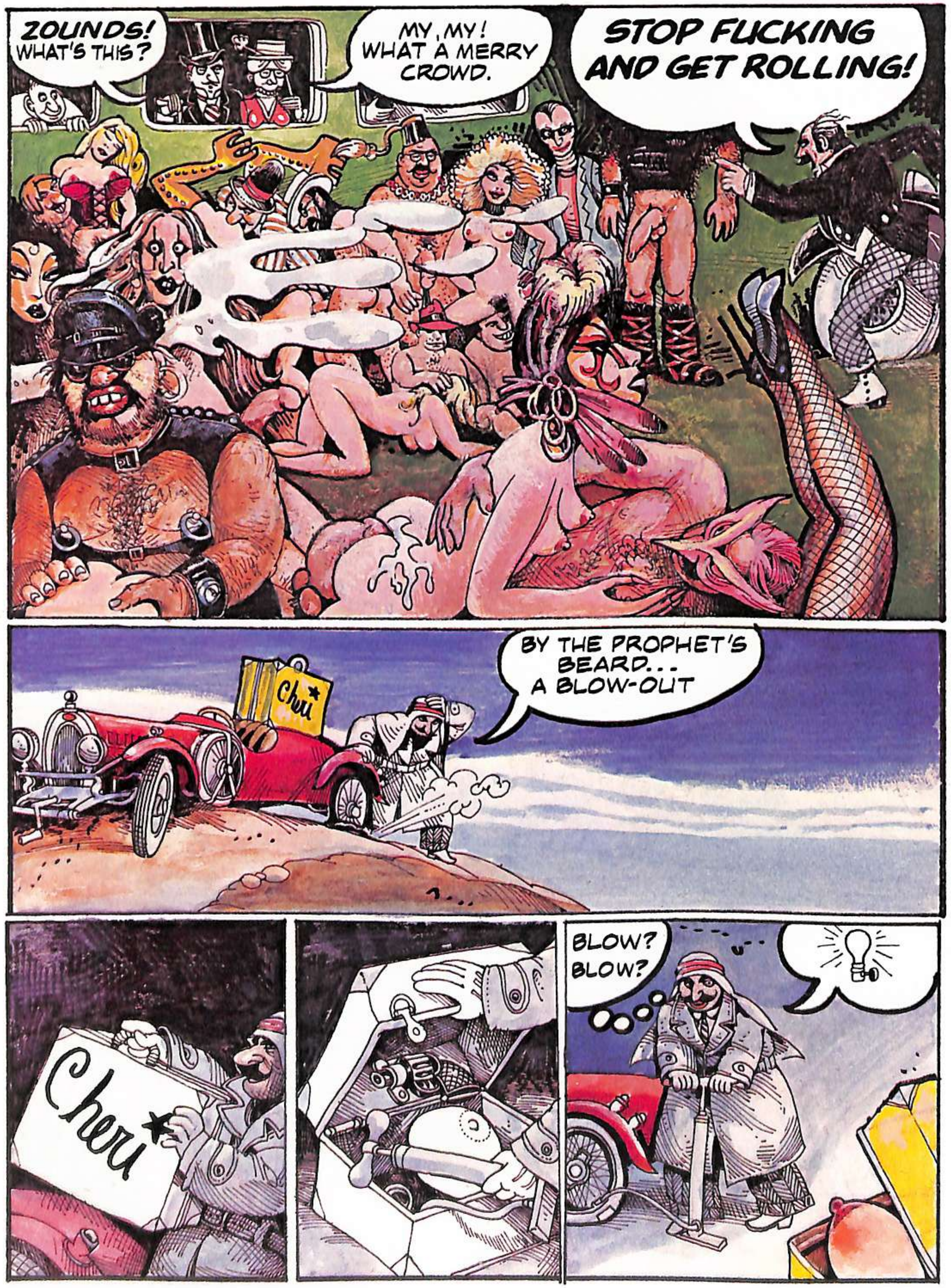
CHERIZADE

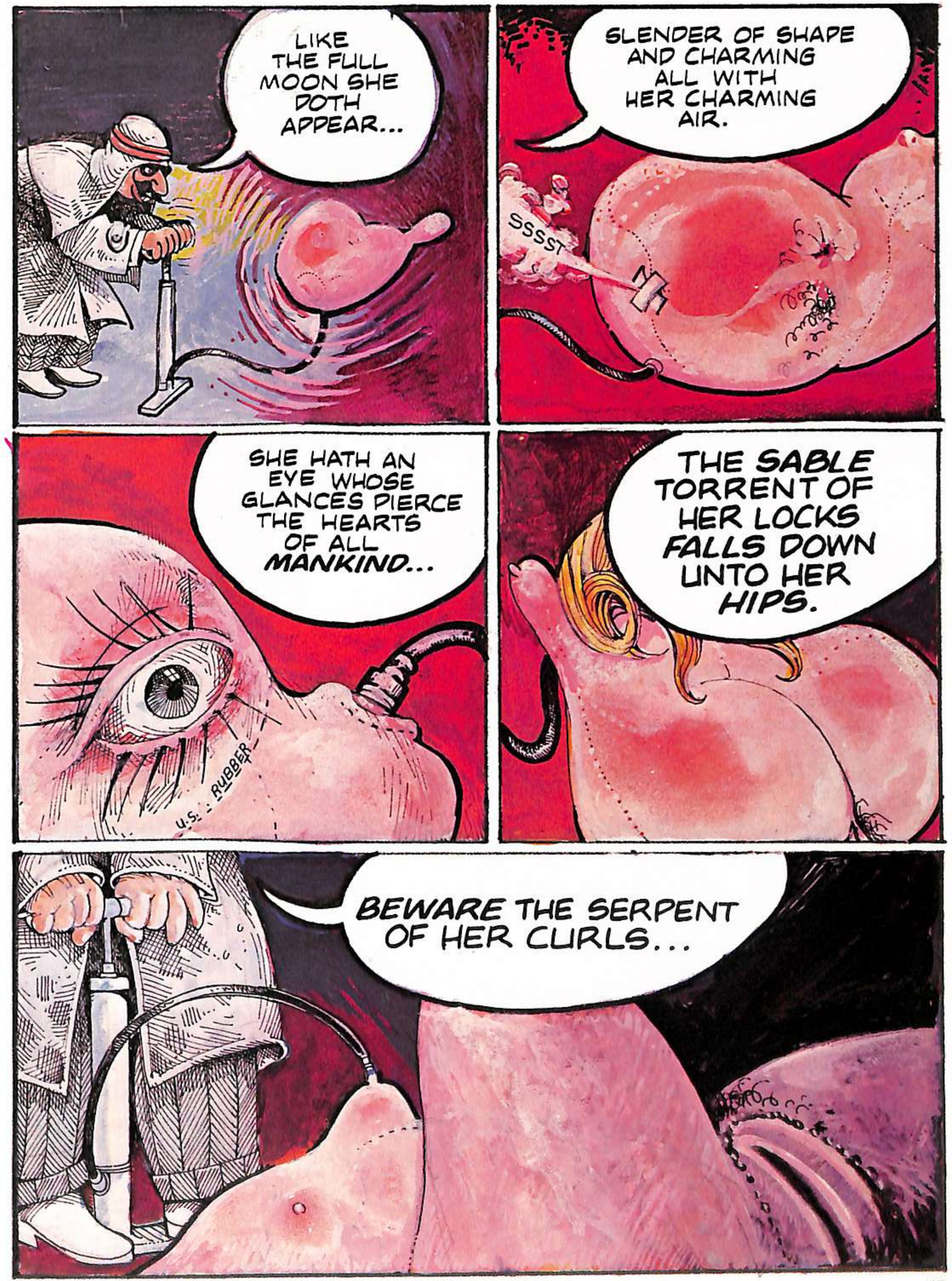
The Inflatable Doll

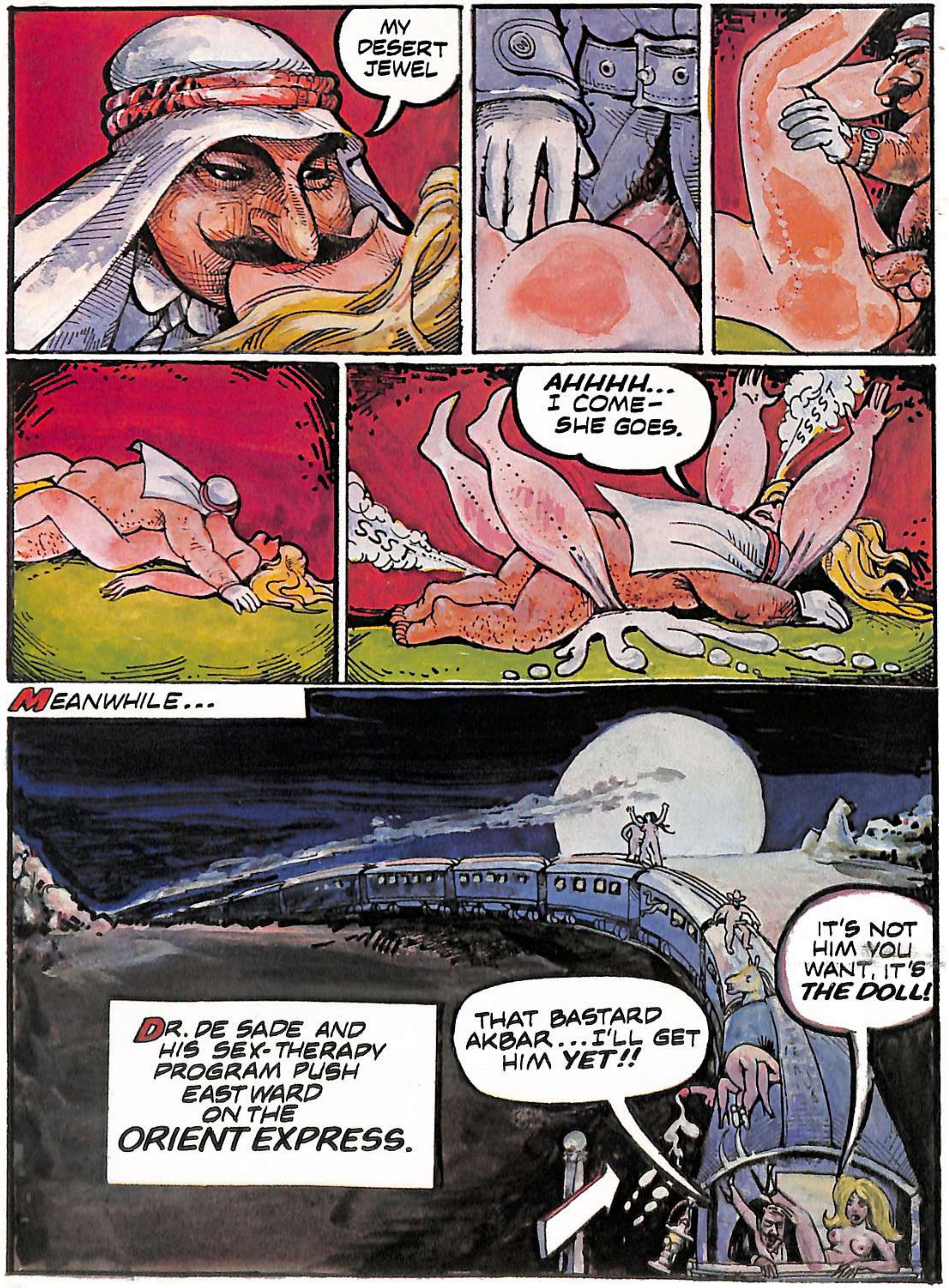
BY EL FUNDADOR


I'LL GET THAT CRAZY MARQUIS OFF MY BACK.
?!
!
HEY! THE MARQUIS DOCTOR!
YA 'N' HIS WHOLE FUCKING ORGY GOING AFTER THAT GUY.
FASTER!
HARDER!
CLANG CLANG


MADE IT! FINALLY GOT RID OF THEM PERVERTS.
Cheri
SSSSSS
BANG
CURSES!! HE STOPPED THE ORIENT EXPRESS.


ZOUNDS! WHAT'S THIS?
MY, MY! WHAT A MERRY CROWD.
STOP FUCKING AND GET ROLLING!
Cheri
BY THE PROPHET'S BEARD... A BLOW-OUT
Cheri★
BLOW? BLOW?


LIKE THE FULL MOON SHE DOTH APPEAR...
SLENDER OF SHAPE AND CHARMING ALL WITH HER CHARMING AIR.
SSSST
SHE HATH AN EYE WHOSE GLANCES PIERCE THE HEARTS OF ALL MANKIND...
U.S. RUBBER
THE SABLE TORRENT OF HER LOCKS FALLS DOWN UNTO HER HIPS.
BEWARE THE SERPENT OF HER CURLS...


MY DESERT JEWEL
AHHHH... I COME- SHE GOES.
SSSST
SSSST
MEANWHILE...
DR. DE SADE AND HIS SEX-THERAPY PROGRAM PUSH EASTWARD ON THE ORIENT EXPRESS.
THAT BASTARD AKBAR... I'LL GET HIM YET!!
IT'S NOT HIM YOU WANT, IT'S THE DOLL!

GETTING IT ON

Photographs by Roberto Morrison

The CHERI Guide To Successful Screwmanship

by Jerry Williams

First things first. Take time to familiarize yourself with the matter at hand. After all, you can't apply yourself effectively to any art with craft unless you've first become well acquainted with your partner's tools and equipment. Grope, don't grab. Above all: take your time . . . dawdle and dillydally at length (and in depth). Never doodle—that's classroom stuff. This is for real. Check and double-check; make sure there are no dead ends.

Familiarity breeds contamination . . . sets the whole territory aflame. Even a wee match can start a forest fire. And speaking of size: even though it may be impressive it's not always what it's cracked up to be. It's not how much, but how you use it . . . furthermore, it's not the size of the dog in the fight but the size of the fight in the dog. So much for digression. . . . Back to ingression and sure-fire strategy.

When entering or exiting the particular entrance of your choice, it's wise and downright pleasurable to watch your step while you're pussyfooting around. Back door or front door—whatever the case may be, make sure you *gl-i-i-i-de!* Don't stumble or fumble—that's the way to lose things . . . things that sometimes can't be reclaimed. Keep hot, taut, and well-oiled. Take it easy, Greasy, you've got a long way to slide!

Atmosphere means a lot in a situation like this. Don't underrate it; go to all and any lengths to provide it. Hay might be OK for some farmer's daughter, but sexy satin sheets are a definite turn-on for the sophisticate, the city slicker . . . any woman of the world who knows her way around. And don't forget the music. What sets her juices flowing? Mantavani? Led Zeppelin? Red Chinese Marching Songs? Find out what her beat is, then cover it.

We all know that certain pauses can refresh; they can titillate, too. Don't be a dunce—start using your head. (Lose it, in fact.) And never guard your tongue; let it out on a long leash. Tickle her fancy, but be careful not to lollygag. Slurping a little sap is tonic for the body and soul. What's more, she'll love you for it. She may even parcel out more than you bargained for; it depends on the way you handle it.

You may think you've sampled all 28 flavors, but don't be too sure . . . be enterprising. Many a lick holds more than a hollow promise. Make a lot of nasty noise . . . forget the table manners you learned at home. Guzzle, gurgle, gargle, burp (if necessary) . . . smack your lips again, and again and again. If your efforts reap a greater harvest that you can hold, let it drool and dribble from the corners of your mouth, down along your cheeks, and on to the quaking bed—

If you do everything right, she's sure to let you know. . . . After all, one good turn deserves another . . . until they abound, overflow, flap, and overlap. But don't try to ride high on past glories—keep at it. The saying says "Pride goeth before a fall" . . . and now that you've gotten this far, you certainly don't want it to fall. Keep it on the up and up. Don't roger & out until she's ready.

If you follow our guide, modest though it may seem, you're most certain to blaze a memorable trail. She'll never forget you for your fervor, your frenzy . . . your finesse. But if you're dense and ignore all of our juicy tips and tidbits, she'll never forget you for flipflopping around and she'll quickly relegate you to the ranks of the forgetable—where you'll be doomed forever. Amen.

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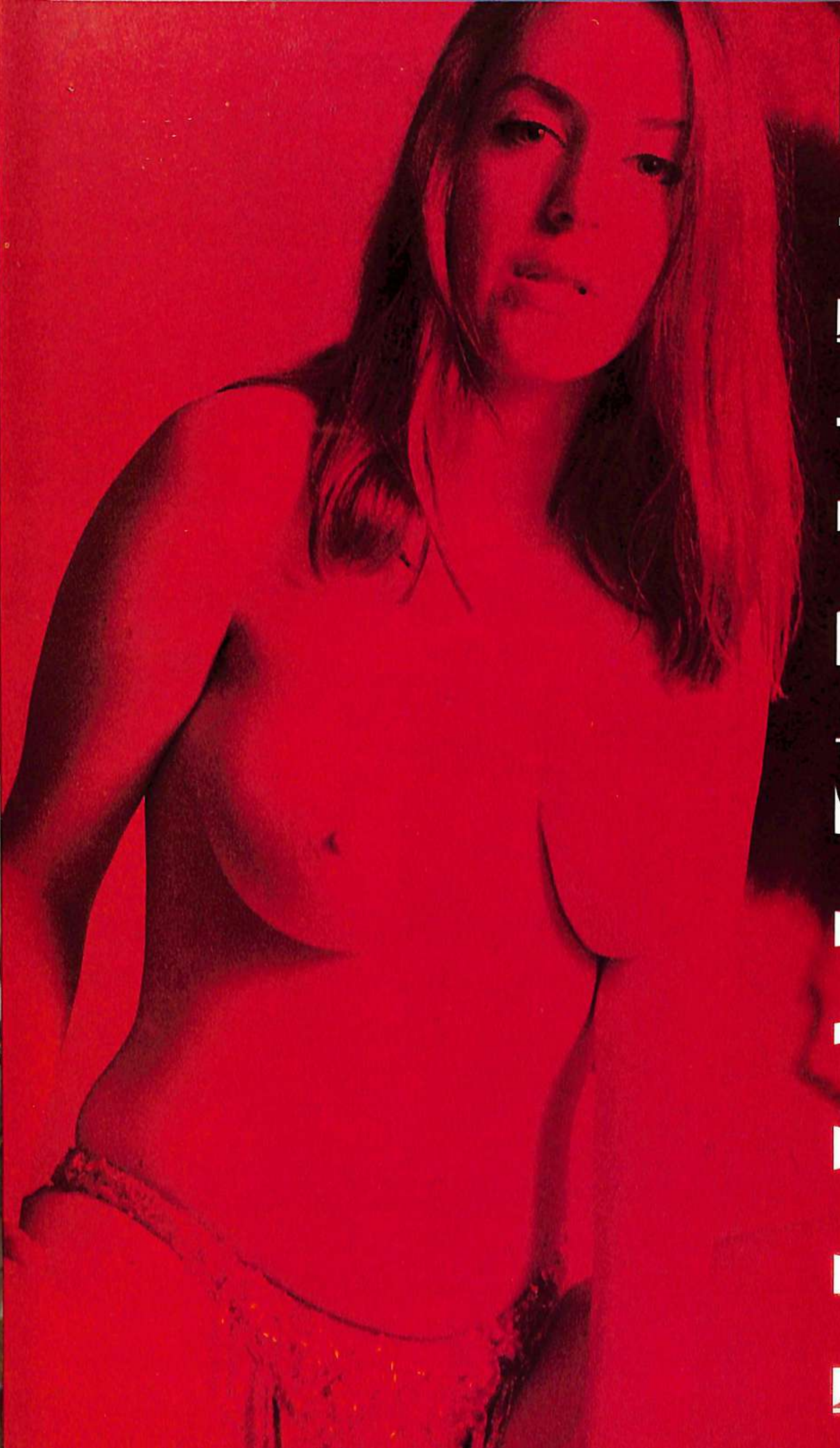
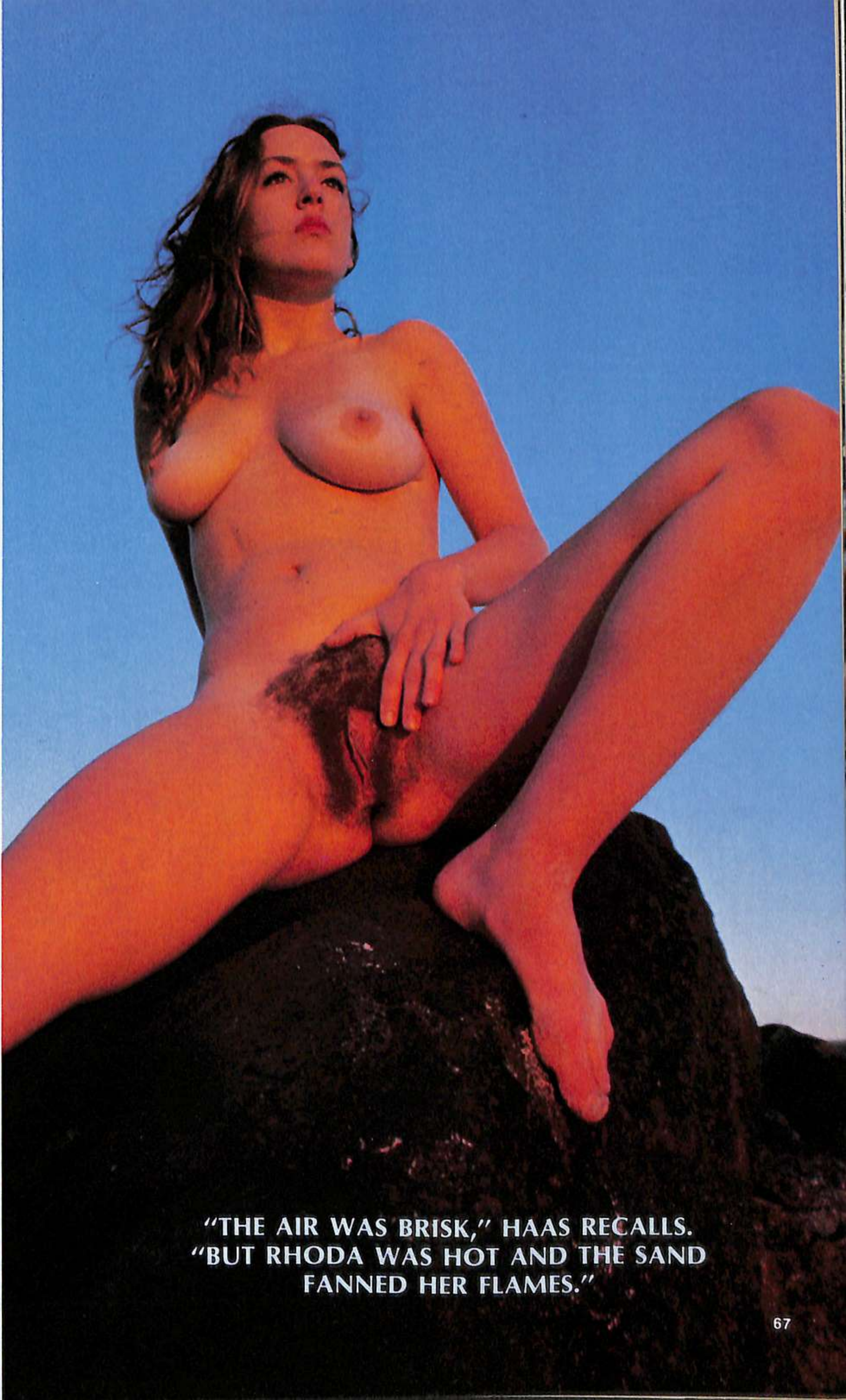
PINK DAWN

PHOTOS BY SEYMOUR HAAS

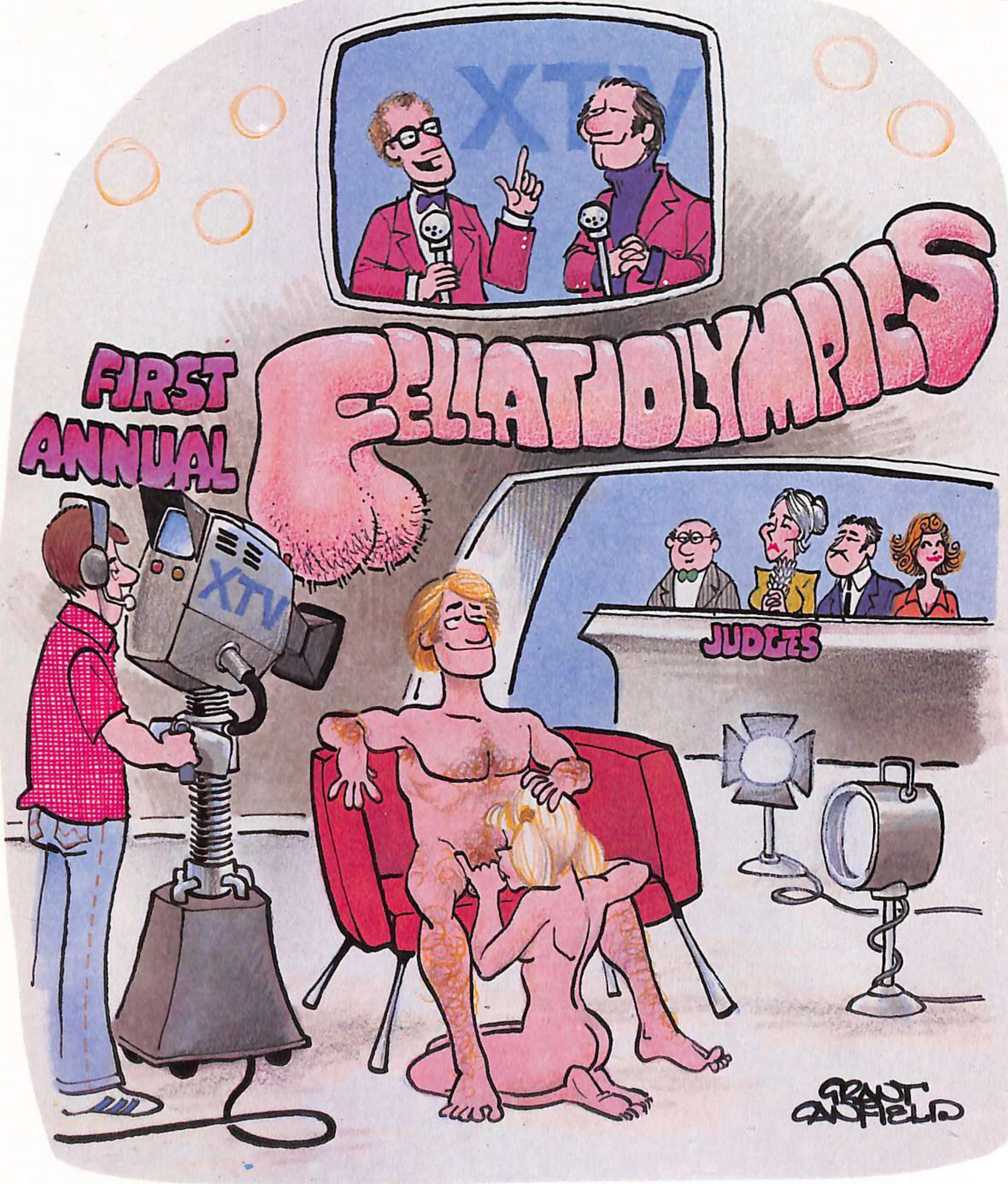


SNATCH AT SUNUP. EARLY MORNING GYNECOLOGY AS VISUALIZED BY THE DYNAMIC BRITISH LENSMAN, SEYMOUR HAAS.



"THE AIR WAS BRISK," HAAS RECALLS. "BUT RHODA WAS HOT AND THE SAND FANNED HER FLAMES."

"GOD WOT A PUDDING SHE HAS! I'LL NEVER FORGET THE WAY HER BODY SMELLED MINGLED WITH THE STINGING SALT SEA AIR."



"In the 1973 games, she had to settle for a bronze. But the way she's sucking, it looks like she's going to take home some gold this time. . . ."

SWING SHIFT

Romper in residence, the often splayed Audrey Andrews, once again explores new happenings in the always scintillating swingers circle. This month we're taken on a tour of a lush new club aptly named Plato's Retreat. Always willing to try anything at least 54 times, Audrey grits her teeth and bravely gets into the group grope scene. Drop her a line anytime, c/o CHERI.

"Good fuck vibes are a must"

by AUDREY ANDREWS

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

GETTING IT ON

Swinging is finally coming out of the closet. Since I've been writing this column it never ceases to amaze me how many people are into, or would like to get into, group sex. It's like in the Sixties when everyone was experimenting with drugs and altered states of consciousness. Well, the Seventies is sex: bisexual, heterosexual and S/M.

I would like to preface the following guideline to successful swinging by saying it is a couples sport. If you are a single male your time and energy would be better spent finding a girl to get into it with than going it alone. As a single male you will be met with suspicion and rejection, and many fun parties will be closed to you. Single men are simply not welcome. Single girls *are*—however. They compose only a very small percentage of the swinging population. Some clubs have been experimenting with singles nights so there is hope.

There are many reasons people get into group sex. Perhaps they married young and, although they may have a satisfactory emotional and sexual relationship they may feel that they are not growing and experiencing enough of life and the opportunities it offers. Swinging fulfills their need for additional social and sexual stimulation. Often, for these couples, swinging is a phase in their relationship. But while they are into it they may swing as many as five times a week. Then there are the couples that do not have a satisfactory or fulfilling relationship and are in a very precarious state emotionally. For them swinging is a prelude to divorce and the end of their relationship. The third most common situation involves the couple that really enjoy their relationship but are also bisexual or have very high sex drives; swinging for them is a way of life. Swinging couples feel that they are more honest in their relationship with each other since they are free to openly discuss and observe each other relating socially and sexually with other people. Once you are relaxed enough to enjoy it, group sex is a lot of fun.

OK: you've made your initial contact be it through an ad or party—now what? Swinging has it's own behavior code and this may be confusing at first. Because group sex is not as generally accepted as having coffee most people are paranoid about their involvement with it. For instance, last names are rarely used in making introductions. Nothing will chill a hot scene faster than pumping for personal information. Remember, swinging is not a primarily verbal experience. It is more acceptable to make innocuous small talk about the weather then ask a swinger where they work or live. No one wants to fuck the FBI, even though you think you're just expressing interest and making polite conversation. Would you want your friends, neighbors, business associates and relatives to know you're into group sex? Well, neither does anyone else.

Now that you know the score, here are some tips that lead to successful swinging. Don't be shy about introducing yourself. If you get good fuck vibes from another couple offers some information about yourself. Discussing swinging is absolutely acceptable. Find out where they like to swing and how they like the scene. If the couple you are turned onto doesn't return your receptive fuck vibes don't take it personally. Move on to the next group. It is always considered rude to force the issue. But, after all, at a swinging party or club everyone knows they are there to fuck so don't be shy.

Swinging should be treated as another experience, it is certainly nothing to get jammed or traumatized over. Remember you control the situation. Take your cues from the more experienced people around you, and if the situation is making you uncomfortable you can always put on your clothes and leave.

SWING SHIFT RECOMMENDS

This month I visited the first on-premise swing club here in New York, Plato's Retreat. They have recently moved from their original location in an Upper East Side brownstone to temporary facilities in a health club while they locate a place large enough to handle their overflow crowd. The present facilities, including swimming pool, sauna, steamroom and foam-rubber fuckroom, can accommodate up to 75 couples comfortably. They charge a reasonable $15.00 per couple and $5.00 for single women—this includes a free bar. There is a minimal additional charge for towels and lockers. Single men are not admitted, although Plato's Retreat is considering having singles nights.

The present site of Plato's Retreat is clean and attractive. The party room is covered in foam-rubber mats for lounging centered around a small dance floor. I love to dance and the disco tapes they played were far superior to those of most clubs—swinging, disco or otherwise. The walls are mirrored; sliding glass doors open onto the pool. The lighting is soft but is bright enough so you can see what you're doing.

The full-length pool is surrounded by plants and benches. What temptation! The pool looked so inviting I was the first one of the evening off with my clothes and into the water. The temperature was a sensual 85 degrees. The only water toys available were tummy floats and volleyballs. There was a lifeguard on duty who you couldn't miss since he wore the only bathing suit in sight.

Most of the other early arrivals were just getting their drinks and drifting around the pool getting old friends and making new ones. Not much happening so I ducked into the sauna, which is kept good and hot, and listen-

(Continued on page 90)

cheri's bizarre bazaar

RED HOT! TURN ON!

THE PHOTOBOOK OF GROUP LOVE & SEX
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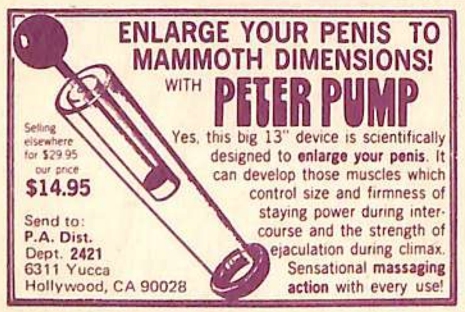

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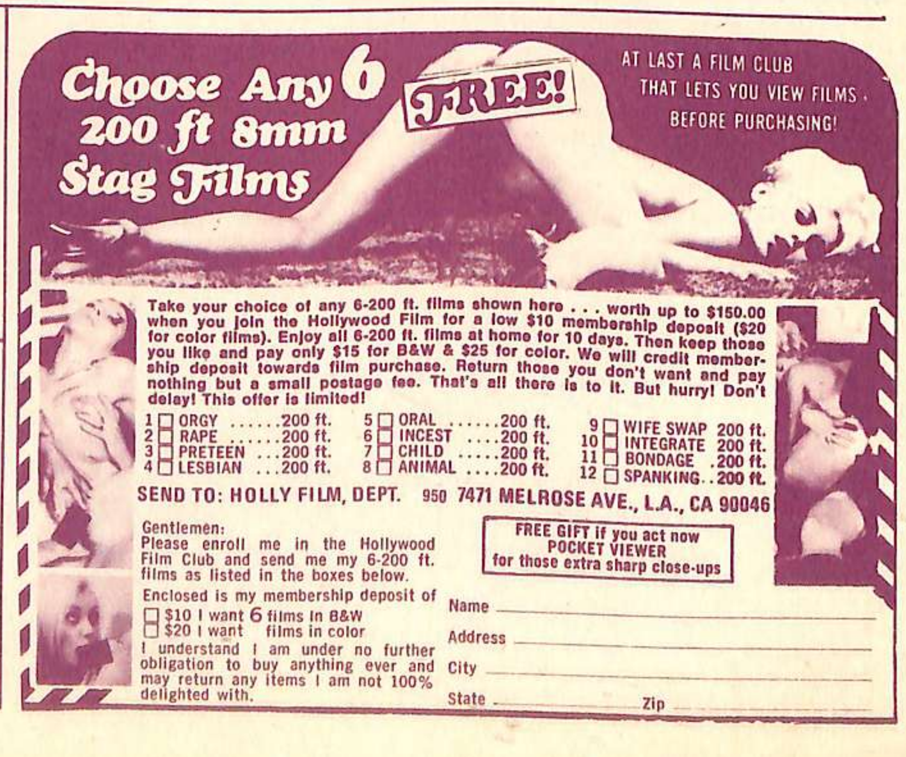

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BOSTON CONFIDENTIAL

(Continued from page 28)

who went to college here stayed in the area. This is the major factor that makes Boston such a haven for singles and sex. Speaking personally, I've had my best luck here!

Being an area of extremes because of conflicting influences, the most outrageous occurrences happen side by side with the old chestnut, "banned in Boston." Boston was one of the most popular cities for hookers until recently. At the same time, a theater owner got one year in jail for showing *I am Curious (Yellow)*. Yes, Harry Reems, you are not alone! *Deep Throat* has been prosecuted as obscene in Boston, too. (By the way, a sociologist told me that the Boston-area hookers were most likely to relax after a hard day's/night's work with a book or a movie. That should give you an indication of the sexual tone of the city!)

In short, Boston's hot spots are just about everywhere while being nowhere specific. Now that all of you have a copy of *Crime and Punishment* in hand, get out there and . . . relax. Happy hunting!

TWIN CITY TWAT

(Continued from page 26)

but I did tell her I didn't feel too well and really wasn't in the mood for anything. But, anyway, the first thing I knew she was eating the hell out of my pussy—and after all, I am only human. In a few minutes she had me cumming like crazy. She was really good and I must admit I loved it. I looked over and her husband was blowing John. John looked at me and said, "What the hell," and he got down behind this big fat chick and fucked her up the ass while her husband jerked off and shot his cum all over my new carpet. We probably have the only cum-colored carpet in town. They called us several times after that but I managed to get it across to them that we really didn't care to see them again. I did see her about a year later on the street and she had lost a lot of weight and was down to about 140 lbs. But that first impression. . . !

My favorite "thing" is to eat pussy or suck cock while being fucked dog-fashion; if I can time it so we all get off at the same time, that's the ultimate. Enough of experience for now.

What I would like to do is make this column something like a "Dear Abbie" and "Xaviera" type of thing combined. We know it's usually you guys who suggest the swinging scene to your wives or girlfriends, and we would like to help you over the hump with your hesitant partner. The same with you girls—I may be able to tell you how to get the idea of swinging implanted in your guy's head. We would like to help you get started and if any of you are in our area we would love to give you lessons. If you are beginners and if you are experienced, let's ball!

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A Vibrator That BENDS While it Works!

Truly the world's most erotic vibrator. Soft, sensual and very phallic, dotted with protruding nipples to bring waves of pleasure. It is firm, but skin soft and pliable enough to bend while vibrating. She will beg for more. $19.95.

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The greatest sex aid ever offered!

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The MAGIC SEX RING's tourniquet action forces the blood supply up into the penis and head (glans) *producing a huge rock-hard erection* which also causes the nerve endings in the glans to become super-sensitive producing unbelievably-pleasurable sensations during sexual lovemaking. In addition, the blood supply is "trapped" inside the penis by the pressure of the MAGIC SEX RING, helping to maintain a rock-hard erection for as long as desired.

The MAGIC SEX RING also applies pressure to the urethra, *helping to control premature ejaculation*, which ruins many sexual episodes. *At your command*, the quick-release mechanism allows for ejaculation, and removal so that the penis can return to a flaccid state.

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Write me c/o CHERI and I will answer all letters personally but those with photos and SASE first. Be frank (I am unshockable) but above all be honest and sincere.

Next month, I'll tell you about another experience and some of the weird letters I have received in response to my ads.

PICK OF THE PERSONALS

(Continued from page 30)

(he didn't mention them by name) he received only their claim that the package had indeed been sent. Since nobody on either end had any receipts as proof, he could do little more than go to the post office and fill out forms to trace the package. So far nothing has turned up. "Who can you trust?" he laments.

Unfortunately chance is sometimes the name of the game in the mail-order porn business. Just about the only thing you can do when it looks like you're in the midst of a rip-off is to first be optimistic and try writing again (calmly, if possible!) to the source of the problem. Sometimes the people involved are simply so busy they can't always get your order out as soon as you'd like. Once in a great while somebody's pet cheetah tears up the week's mail, reducing your carefully written and sexy order to illegible shreds. These are, of course, the exceptions. If you write back and get no response at all or else a vague oath like the one dumped on the guy I mentioned above, the odds are that you've been taken for a rather bumpy and unfulfilling ride. All you can do then is to avoid these people like the plague and alert your fellow mail-ordering comrades to do likewise by writing to me. That's what I'm here for!

KIM POPE

(Continued from page 25)

away. One of Benny's friends dropped by just to say hello and sneak in Ben's dog, Brucie, for a visit. The pooch was so glad to see his master that he piddled all over the carpet.

After he left I signaled to Maggi to start a little show. She turned on the radio to some slow rock music and started to dance with Maxie. She held him close and moved her enormous breasts against his chest. His buddies started kidding him and he kidded back but the grin on his face would have passed for a Pepsodent ad. Then she broke away and started a slow strip—the air grew heavy with lust and you could almost hear the panting. When she finally set her titties free a moan was heard and the atmosphere took on a sexy, heated feel. About this time I noticed that the Rabbi had closeted himself in one of the bathrooms. As their guard and chaperon he was graciously closing his eyes to the increasingly illicit activities. With the boys cheering her on, she proceeded to fondle her boobs and finger her pussy to a

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Plus FREE FILM!

Our new portable viewer has just recently been perfected and is now available to the public. And it's a GEM!! We could offer it to you at the manufacturer's suggested retail price of $24.95, but along with the viewer, we wanted to introduce you to our vast line of 8mm & Super 8mm films. So we've devised 3 combination Viewer/Film Packages that offer absolutely incredible savings to you. If we can somehow get you to try our films just once in the beginning, by virtually giving them away, then we'll have you as our good customer in the future! WE BOTH WIN!!

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Regular Price	$37.90

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6 Full Length Films	$38.85
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Rush me ___ Mirror Image mirrors @ $14.95 plus $1.50 p&h to

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address ______
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very convicing orgasm. By now everyone was relaxed, tipsy and dizzy with delight. All during the show,Brucie (the dog) was stealing tidbits from the table and lapping up forgotten drinks—he seemed to be getting drunk too. Then Maggie pulled Maxie down and unzipped his fly and started rubbing his cock between her breasts—he practically carried her off to the other bedroom. Rusty then decided that the Rabbi had been in the bathroom an awfully long time and went to investigate. I'm not sure what happened but they didn't come out for a long, long time. When they finally emerged he was looking disheveled, a bit guilty, but very happy—knowing Rusty,she had probably turned him upside down and inside out!

Benny decided dessert fixings would be more delectable on a pretty little pussy than on a plate so he and Moonie took Kathy into the by now empty bathroom, and (with her permission, of course) tied her spread-eagled to the bed with neckties and scarves. They then proceeded to create a fattening feast on her pretty little bod. Whipped cream and cherries and chocolate syrup and nuts—then they started to lick and nibble it all off. The only problem was that Kathy was extremly ticklish and couldn't stop giggling. Since the end result was one sticky mess,she retired to the shower where she was joined by Louie and Ben. . . . From what I understand she handled them both with ease. . . . By,now the rooms were littered with clothes and when I stepped over Izzie sucking some pussy under the coffee table and he didn't even notice, Bob and I decided it was time to make our exit. We carefully let ourselves out and went home. We knew the girls would see to it that all the guys would get laid but, my goodness, we never expected to get quite so wild! One thing was for sure, they really got to exercise their penal systems! Benny called us the next day and said it had been the most unbelievable happening. The next morning the guys were limp as dishrags, and in a state of shock. We were pleased. . . .

Is truth stranger than fiction? You bet. The above is all true, just the names have been changed to protect the guilty. Now, I'm not recommending this sort of thing as standard therapy for men in jail—if Ben weren't such a close friend I never would have become involved—but still I'm glad I made their visit a good one.

Love and Kisses,
Kim

P.S.: Thank you all for the wonderful letters you've been sending me. Yes, I'm answering them all and sending pictures if you asked for them. But if you haven't gotten an answer yet—please be patient. I write all the letters myself and it just takes time. But I love hearing from you all so don't be shy, let me know how we can please you more—we at CHERI really care.

THE BEEHIVE

(Continued from page 24)

please send me a camera." Every pickle on those sandwiches went into my puss. The pickle worts bruised my puss when I shot them out.

10 FREE RED HOT GIFTS WITH EVERY ORDER!

#3 FREE
54 FULL COLOR ADULT ACTION PLAYING CARDS
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WE WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD!

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LASSE BRAUN • EXPO
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These are the Genuine Uncensored Hard Action Sex-in every-frame-films that American tourists pay up to $50 per reel for in Copenhagen, Denmark. For a limited time only, you can purchase our special 5 reel film package for less than the price of one full reel in Denmark. Better hurry on this one!

(Film Package Available in Full Color or B&W—Reg. 8mm or Super 8)

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Two very young and beautiful teenage girls enjoy an outdoor orgy in the grass with two virile teenage boys. They mix and change partners in every kind of sex act and sex position!

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A good advertisement for Heinz pickles would be, "Every since I discovered Heinz Pickles, I haven't needed my French tickler anymore."

A few couples bravely sat in the front row, and I tried to aim the Jergen's lotion toward the ceiling to avoid spattering them and I shot it about 20 feet out of my puss. Gibby proudly points out the white spots of lotion on the stage ceiling.

One young couple, Bonnie and John, talked to me briefly after the show and I discovered they had lived in Washington, D.C. and in my hometown of Davenport, Iowa. John bent over Bonnie and very gallantly shielded her when I shot the lotion out of my puss. I felt a pain in my heart as I looked at all the happy couples, wondering where my darlin' Peter Lovejoy could be.

Gibby took Sharee, me and the rest of the theater crew to Omar Khayyam's restaurant again, and Sharee had a delightful time talking to Ed about all the Middle Eastern places she had been. They discovered they even knew a lot of the same people in Washington, D.C.

On Thanksgiving Day, we went to La Bastille, a French restaurant in Pittsburgh, where Sharee once more made a hit with the owner, the cook, Alfonse and our charming waiter, Lee. Alfonse knew several of Sharee's friends in Wash., D.C. and had worked in some top French restaurants in D.C. Jacqueline is one of Sharee's favorites in Wash., D.C.

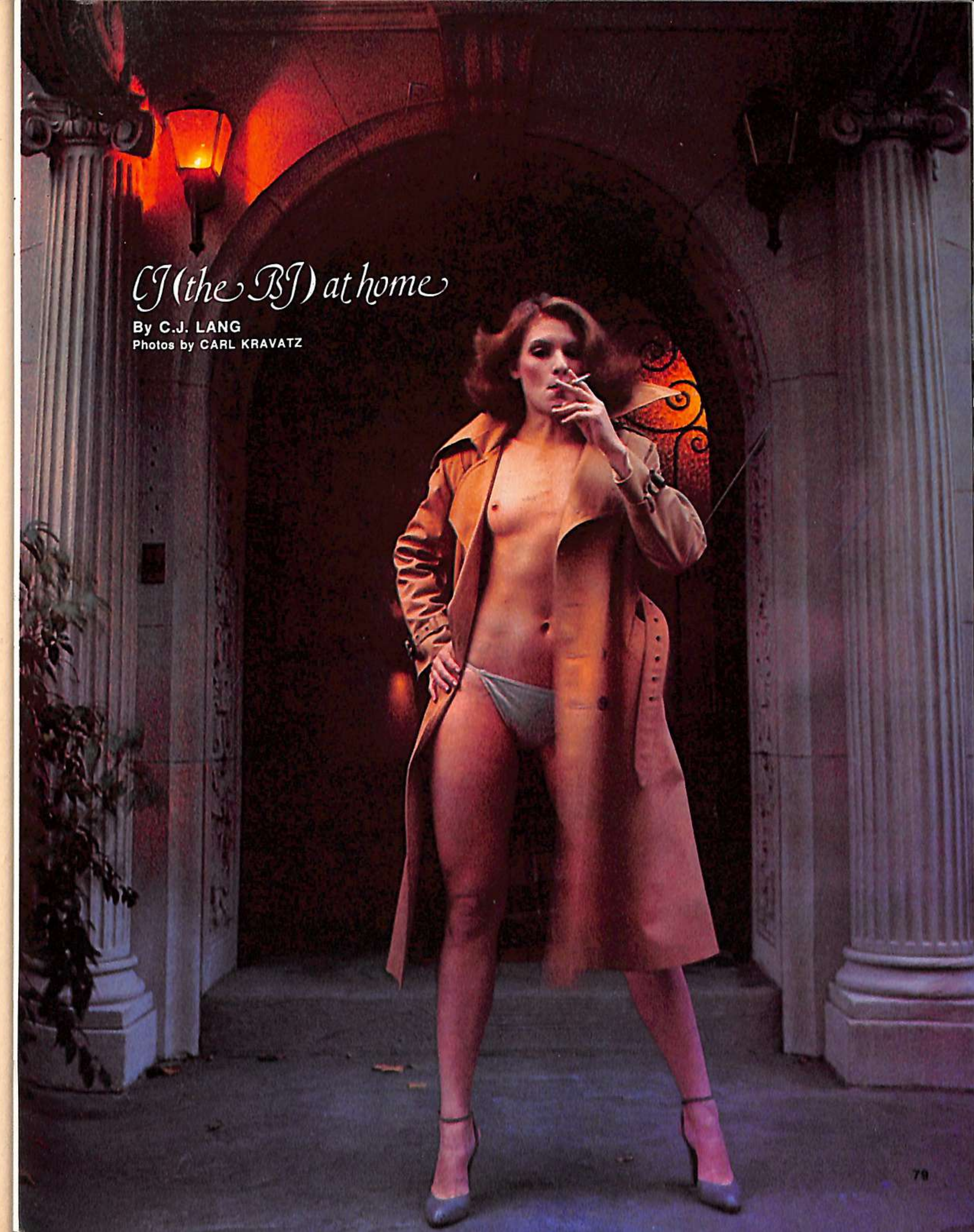
Pittsburgh is a city with a personality all its own—fiercely proud, loyal, fun-loving and open-minded. I joke that the Pittsburgh Steelers stole my show when they played a game at Cincinnati, Ohio because it seemed the entire city had evacuated to Cincinnati to cheer the Steelers to victory. Only a total of about 30 people were in the theater that day.

One elderly gentleman, Bill, brought a December issue of CHERI for me to autograph that day. Only about a dozen people were at the show and I marveled at how they wanted Bill to win the stump-the-cunt contest. Someone else guessed the first song I played on the horn with my puss; this made Bill a bit disappointed since the prize was a January issue of CHERI. So, I decided to play another song, and give Bill another chance to win. No one tried to guess it, so I gave a hint. I said it is played on New Year's Eve and has a march in it. Complete silence. Then, I said it has something to do with saints. Complete silence again. Then, slowly, Bill said: "Why that must be 'When the Saints Go Marching In'." I said, "Congratulations. You just stumped the cunt." His face broke out into a broad grin and everyone else in the audience cheered. Bill said CHERI is a great magazine, not only for my column but all the way through.

Several people asked about Jody Maxwell, the singing cocksucker; Gibby wants to bring her to Pittsburgh to perform on him. I told them Jody and I are both good cocksuckers, only she sings better than I do.

Willy, the clean-up man, presented me with some long-stemmed red roses before I left. I was amazed after all the mess I'd made that Willie would even speak to me, much less give me roses. Willie was a young, good-looking guy who dresses very sharply in fancy leather outfits. Gibby said Willy looked more like the owner than he did.

(Continued on page 88)



CJ (the BJ) at home

By C.J. LANG
Photos by CARL KRAVATZ

"THEY'RE GONNA MAKE ME THE NEW MARILYN"

These are the last hours of the high life for the notorious C.J., white goddess of single-minded sin . . . after this it's work, work, work. Though a mere 20, she's a cult favorite from such erotic chefs d'oeuvre as *Sex Wish* and *Anyone But My Husband*. Pursued, panted after, petted . . . and too soon, petulant . . . she announced she was going straight, leaving fuck fame to work in an EST-type expansion group and get real. Scarcely had her retirement announcement escaped those rose-petal lips, when two nice men . . . the Mitchell Brothers, wild westerners with over 700 flicks under their belts (which is where most of them started out) . . . invited her to San Francisco with an offer she could not refuse.

"They're gonna make me the new Marilyn . . . Chambers!" she burbles. She has been signed to an exclusive contract to star in the most outrageous live sex show ever conceived. The old Farrell Theatre is now the Ultra Room, and gentleman customers will recline in private, leather-lined booths as she writhes onstage behind two-way mirrors . . . kinky, eh? The whole *megillah* is termed a "breakthrough" in the sex biz, and the Brothers, not to mention their caged

SHE GETS OFF ON GOOD TIMES AND 50% OF THE GROSS

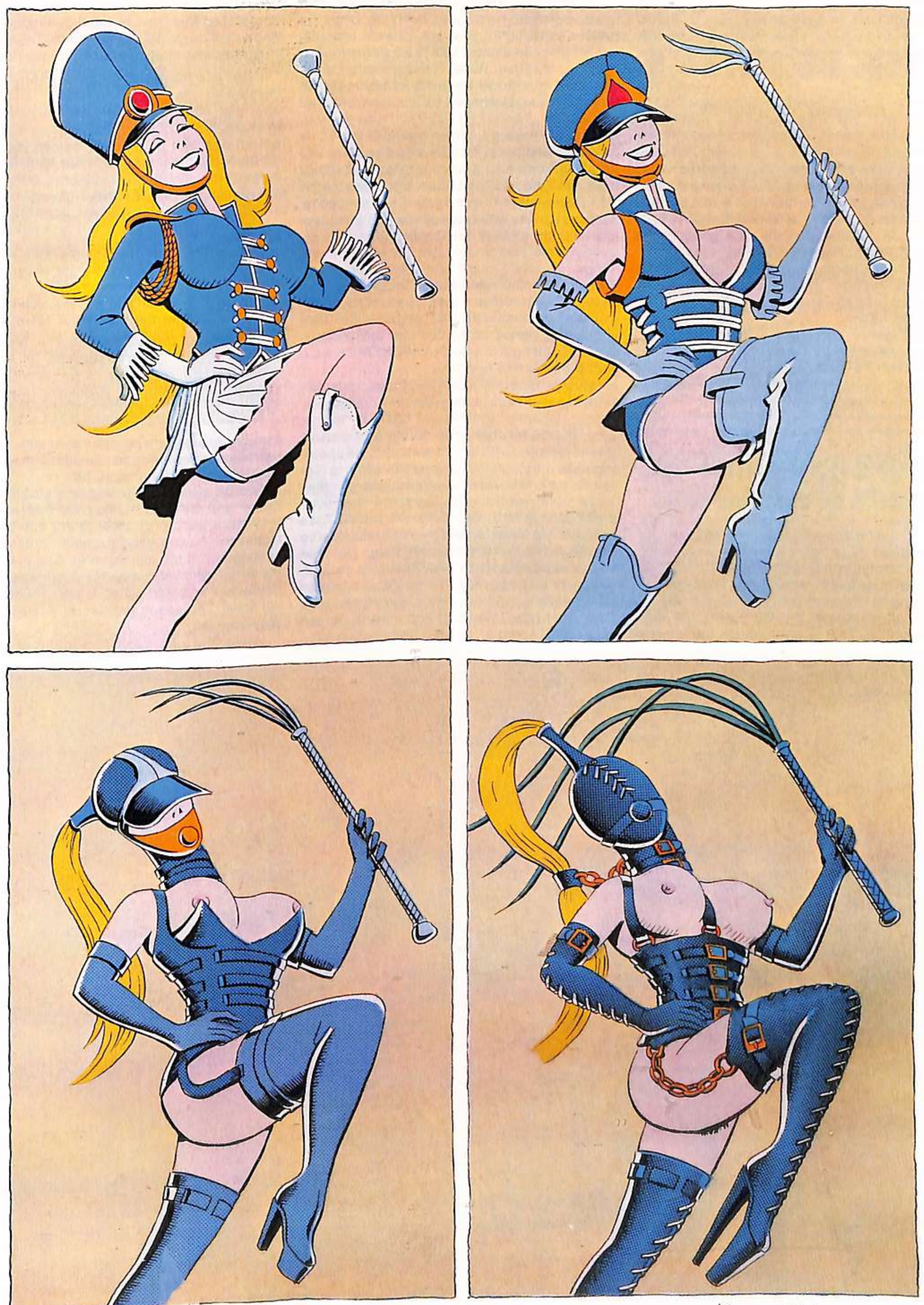
bird, are now undergoing interviews by all the networks, news services and other horny media types.

C.J. will be billed as something like the alabaster acrobat, making the joint famous —the way Carol Doda did the Condor, on North Beach, many moons ago. Also she gets 50% of the gross—proving there sure is gold in them there grinds.

In her opulent space capsule, C.J. will center her act on certain masturbation and bondage rituals which are being choreographed even as we write. These boys are not fooling around. Once the whole thing is launched they are going to make their 701st film, *Ultra Room.* They are also . . . here comes the kinky part . . . making her a corporation. Yes! There will be C.J. dolls, C.J. dildos, C.J. T-shirts. And in the midst of all this crass commerce, our pink-tipped principessa will be ensconced in another house, this one with a view of the bay and a film studio downstairs and less of a problem in help.

"Anyway," she allows, "I've had it with New York: love, hate, S/M, affairs with two classic loonies . . . who needs it? The moment I got famous they put my name on a dozen films *(Continued on page 96)*

ONE MAG RECENTLY NAMED HER THE BEST COCKSUCKER IN PORNSVILLE



Kurt Schnürr

THE BEEHIVE

(Continued from page 78)

Gibby had advertised that if people didn't either laugh or throw up, he'd give them $50. He laughed when he saw that someone had thrown up. He said that saved him $50. Even Gibby, Jr., a little dog that the young, sexy dancer, Tara O'Hara had, joined in the fun. He peed on the stage a few times. I told Tara he probably thought the stage was a toilet after watching me squirt stuff out of my puss all over the floor.

Leo, Henry and Tom worked lights and music under Gibby's watchful eye. Maureen and Cheri, a new cashier, and Nick, the manager, along with dancers, Misty Blue and Astri Lane, livened up the place.

A customer, Joe, who said he was a doctor, got too close to my puss while trying to lick the peanut butter off it, and got a fart in his face, causing a mild asthma attack when the foul air went up his nose. When Frank got a fart in his face, he must have been smart and held his breath. Gene, Norman and Stanley were a lot of fun, too.

After I got back to Washington, D.C., Gibby called to say that steel prices had gone up and the city buses had a wildcat strike—all after I had left. We decided that my pussyburger sandwiches must have caused mass hysteria. One bus driver even parked the bus in front of the theater and left the passengers while he ran into the theater and got some of my pictures. I hope Chuck, Jeff, Dan, Walt and Chester the Molester from the Barking Coal Mine recovered from their pussyburgers.

I wish to thank Andrea Ambers, the sexy managing editor of CHERI, for her speedy work in getting extra copies of CHERI to me in Pittsburgh.

Andrea used to work for Peter Lovejoy's television network, and knows him quite well. When we talked recently on the phone, we discovered we both had been getting obscene phone calls around the same time; we agreed Peter Lovejoy must be back in town.

Peter is a master of obscene phone calls. I introduced him to my cat-sitter, and soon after that, she got her first obscene phone call in years. If any of you lucky women out there get an obscene phone call, before you hang up thinking it is a dirty old man, consider the fact that it could be the handsome, debonaire, international playboy—Peter Lovejoy! I must admit, even though he is so weird, I do miss the cocksucker.

Remember: I am now doing dream analysis in my column, so send me your dreams. Today, I dreamed a man from Mars was sucking my tit. The tit means much joy awaits me; I don't know what the man from Mars meant.

Thank you for your wonderful letters. If anyone wants Kellie's address, it is: The Reverend Kellie Everts, One World Light Church, P.O. Box 325, Brooklyn, New York, 11211.

SEX IN PUBLIC

(Continued from page 43)

"raping men" all over town and people screwing in the streets.

For all we know, the story may be autobiographical. That is pretty much the impression Sharon Mitchell gave during an exclusive interview with CHERI held just after the shooting was completed. She revealed that her relationship with her parents is such that they know of her work in sex films and have even seen her perform on the big screen! That's about as open as a parent-child relationship can get. No generation gap here. Not that porno is all she does, she hastened to add. Her work also consists of modeling and doing commercials. She is, in fact, a well-rounded performer (pun intended) and a warm person with considerable charm and personality. Straightforward, there was never any hesitation when answering a question, no matter how intimate it seemed to be.

Sharon spoke in glowing terms of the producer and director, telling us that she felt they were people of great talent and professionalism, having used excellent judgment in casting her in the leading role. She just loved the script, and we suspect that this was mostly because she could reflect—and project—her life style. The acting needed here was just to play yourself.

While she has been in a number of sex films before, this was the first one for her that took the action out into the open. Any hesitation to "doing it" on location? *No.* We pressed further. No problem in fucking on the subway floor, as opposed to a comfortable—and very private—in bed? *No.* Really? *Well, the absence of a bathroom for washing up afterwards was a handicap.* Someone had to chauffeur her to a restaurant ladies room from time to time.

Well, how about the alley bit? Surely shooting a film outdoors will attract an audience, no matter what time of day or night, New York never lacking people who just love to rubberneck at any action taking place. And a camera crew is like a magnet. Well, she said, a temporary blockade was set up in the alley that pretty much shielded the view from the street. And could someone have looked around it? *Guess so.*

Sharon felt that in context of the story, the locations were great for having sex. The places lent credibility to the very wild story, and would certainly help put the film over. She also expressed satisfaction with the men—complete satisfaction.

She did, however, check the guys out before balling them, and then put her stamp of approval on the cast. A leading lady's prerogative. In a sex film, it surely makes sense to know who is going to stick it into you several times a day.

Most of the men, she confided, were novices as far as performing in sex films was concerned. They were professional actors, good actors, she emphasized—and they could film the part!!! Some had not had sex in front of a camera before, but they all performed.

There was a group scene with four men, which presented a bit of a problem: how to sustain each guy's hardon for as long as it took to shoot the scene. But, with the aid of a "fluffer" (a stand-in girl) who pitched in, the action came off flawlessly. Like a machine, as she smilingly put it. Sharon took to the guys and could relate to them. And they to her.

And how did she feel about the mandatory lesbian scene? Now her eyes lit up. No problem here, either, as she is bisexual. Any preference, we wanted to know? *No. Either way is OK.*

And how many guys had she balled during the entire production? She reflected for a moment. *Sorry,* she couldn't come up with a figure. She had lost count somewhere during the filming. All she remembers is that all the guys did it with style.

Towards the end of the film, she makes it with the middle-aged detective who tracks her down. How did she feel about being teamed up with an older man? *No problem there, either.* Come now, it makes no difference? *No, you see, we relate on a physical level only during filming. The sex is pleasing and pleasurable. It's not a romance. Its a performance.*

Do relationships develop as a result of "making it" on film? *Yes, often.* The guys in the film are as sexually liberated as she is and she feels that these are the kind of people one does not ordinarily meet. Film really brings people together. *And, having been an exhibitionist from early childhood on,* she stated, *makes all this performing in front of the camera real easy.*

Sharon assures CHERI that there was plenty of sucking throughout the film, so that the audience would be turned on all the time. There is so much sex in the film, all the time, that everybody is in high gear; and the viewers will be, too.

Sharon stated her philosophy as we wrapped up the interview: *I believe that if you are going to do something you shouldn't hide it from anybody, no matter what it is. And that includes sucking and fucking in front of a camera.*

We couldn't have said it better ourselves. Thank you, Sharon.

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KANSAS CITY STARK

(Continued from page 23)

it does not affect already established businesses. It does regulate the location of new "adult" businesses within local retail, intermediate and central business districts. The ordinance keeps the adult businesses at least 1000 feet away from similar businesses, churches, schools and residential areas unless 51% of the persons living or owning property in the 1000-foot radius have signed a petition approving it.

Our Kansas City pornography war isn't over though. People on both sides are somewhat unhappy. The anti-porn groups feel the ordinance condones the existence of porn. One massage-parlor owner here said she was against the ordinance and that in her opinion it "reeks of neo-Nazism." She's already established it wouldn't affect her, but she opposes it on principle.

To make matters more interesting and confusing, barely had the CX zoning ordinance been signed when the Missouri Supreme Court knocked out Kansas City's obscenity ordinance as unenforceable and unconstitutional. The reason is the municipal court here does not provide trial by jury as required under the U.S. Constitution in obscenity cases. This won't be easy to correct either, since juries are not permitted in Kansas City Municipal Court, period. It would involve various new ordinances and laws, new budgets, more judges. So, gang, your good old Heart of America now has an adult-entertainment zoning ordinance but no obscenity law!

On a different note, a new swingers' club has been organized in the Kansas City area and is going full force. Some members—friends of mine—said that the new club, Spirit of '76, was started by those unhappy with the VIP Social and Travel Club, which has been the number-one swingers' club in these parts.

This new club meets monthly at different motels around here and has some kind of dinner-dance or special party to begin the evening. They have parties for special occasions: a Christmas Party, Halloween Ball, St. Valentine's Day Dance, etc. So far, they have been attracting about 75 couples per function, and they are still growing. A lot of the Spirit of '76 members are also members of VIP Social and Travel Club, which has a

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tremendous membership, and meets fairly often, too. The majority of members in both clubs are married couples.

Also, Kansas City (at last) has its own swingers' cocktail lounge. It has become a regular meeting spot for swinging couples. Obviously, the swinging is done after leaving the place. I only became aware of this lounge a few days ago so I'll wait until I have gone over there before telling more. Several of my closest friends have met sharp couples there, and have enjoyed some dynamite group sex as a result.

Before saying good-bye I want to remind all you beautiful readers to feel free to write me about anything; if you have any questions or info you think might be interesting, please send it to me. And my answer to one reader's letter is yes, I met a Jim B. from Independence at the Royals' Stadium upon their return from the playoffs in New York.

Bye for now, and, remember: Think Sexy!

JODY MAXWELL

SWING SHIFT

(Continued from page 71)

ed to the lively conversation. A profusely sweating man in his forties was explaining to some novice swingers the changes he'd observed in his 15 years of swinging. "It's much more bisexual now, girls with girls, even guys with guys!" Periodically, the lifeguard would unobtrusively splash a pine-scented liquid over the glowing rocks.

The steamroom was not functioning properly so I checked out the pool action. About 20 couples were now mingling about. It was a mixed crowd with a slightly larger proportion of young couples. They needed a little help getting the ball rolling since after two hours only about 10 people out of 40 had their clothes off. Judging from the conversation a lot of couples were novices.

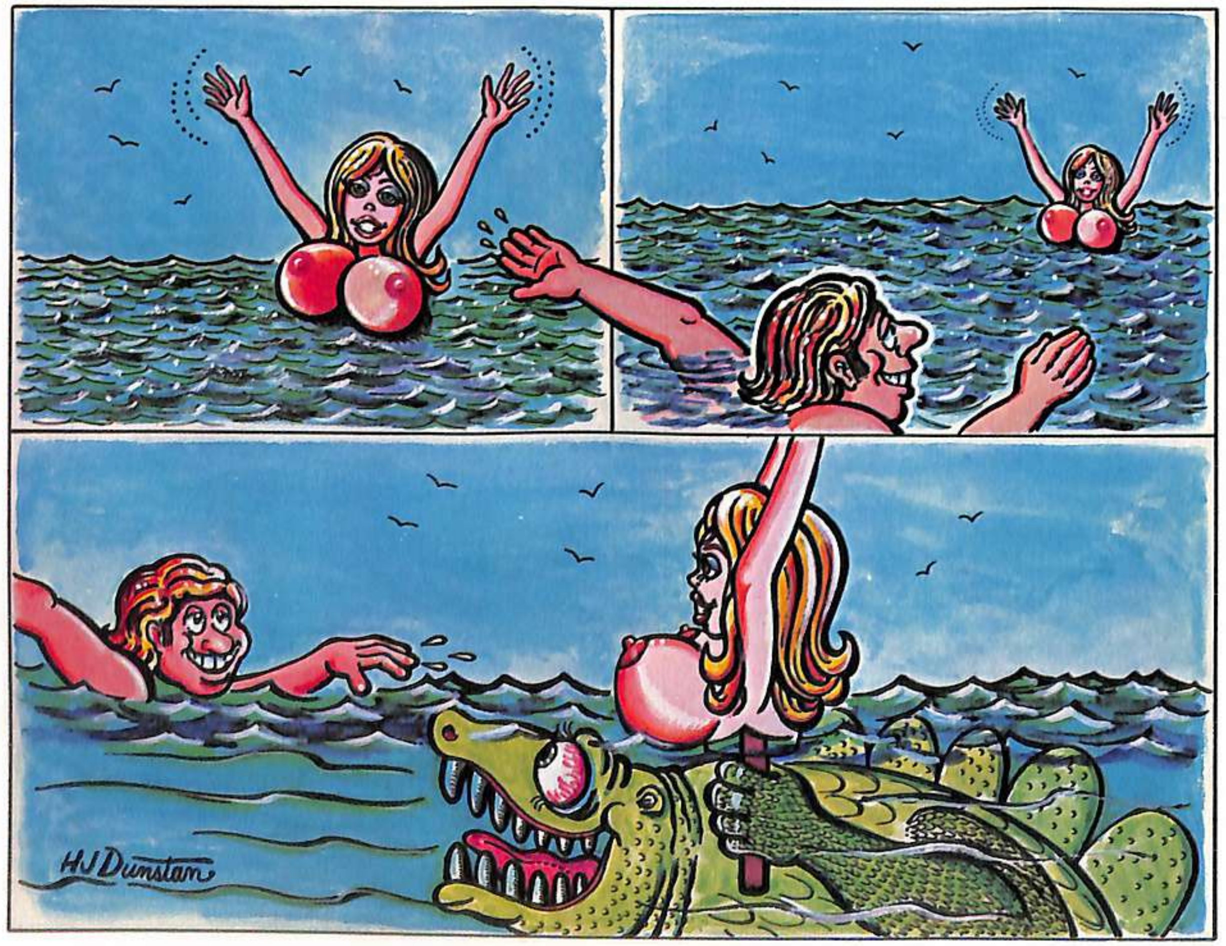
The crowd here is swingers only . . . more relaxed than at a clothing-optional resort where, although everyone is nude, few may actually be swingers. This can create a lot of confusion initially. Several years ago I visited a clothing-optional resort that had a high percentage of swingers in their membership. At the pool you could tell the swingers from the civilians by who was wearing a bathing suit. If you haven't already guessed, the swingers wore suits while the nude sunbathers were, for the most part, not into swinging at all. This can and often does lead to serious *faux pas* which, if not handled discreetly, can lead to one's being asked to leave the premises.

To a swinger the most important thing is to find a place to escape and relax—an evironment you can get into and act out your fantasies. Plato's Retreat is such a place. Both managers and their girlfriends have been into swinging for some time. One couple even met at a swing and have been together ever since. They are running Plato's Retreat by and for swingers. Both decided they were tired of being ripped off.

In my conversation with Larry, one of the managers, he told me how he got into swinging. First, he answered some ads in one of the swinging publications. Next, he started attending parties at swing clubs and bars. Here you can make initial contact but must leave the premises and go someplace else to fuck. We discussed some of the problems of combining social introductions and swinging or group sex under the same roof. One is the tactful handling of almost swinging couples. An almost swinging couple rarely get their clothes off. The women usually mill around the bar, nervously smoking cigarettes and looking uncomfortable while the men are in the party room watching all the action. They would never dream of going into a restaurant, sitting down and watching everyone else eat. Nobody likes to feel they are on display whether they're eating, reading or fucking. These people are about as welcome at a swinging party as crabs. They are politely asked to leave.

The second problem, potentially, is the law. As the first on-premise swing club they are pioneers. Since sex among consulting adults is not illegal and no one under 18 is admitted, they feel it is within their rights as private citizens to enjoy doing their thing without harassment—and they have so far.

Plato's Retreat can be contacted for further information and reservations by writing them at: Post Office Box 8196, Union City, New Jersey or calling (212) 287-4638.



FANNE FOXE

(Continued from page 14)

would just assume I'm an easy pick-up for having been a mistress, but with my notoriety and the turn the press took after they realized I was a legitimate performer with some talent, and not just a cheap gold-digger, men seem confused when they meet me. I suppose they expect to meet some easy gum-chewer, and are surprised I can even hold a conversation. As a result, they just seem to not know what to do. I'll tell you it doesn't make for an easy social life. I guess I'm just in their minds a sex-symbol celebrity with an infamous background. I've gotten some letters, saying, "Concubine! Go home to your country!", and some phone calls too, but it doesn't affect me anymore. In Argentina the concubine has the same rights as a wife. It's the church's doing naturally. My aunt has been a concubine since the year after she got married. My husband left her with a child and, since they don't recognize divorce in Argentina, she eventually found another man, and has been living with him ever since. They've been man and mistress for forty years.

PETER: Fanne, you're forty years old now, you've had some mileage. . . . How do you feel your sexuality has held up?

FANNE: I don't know if it's because my divorce finally came through or what, but my sex life these days is terrific. I can now be involved in relationships that are very different from what I've known. I feel like I've always been married, always been owned. I *belonged* to my father and then I *belonged* to my husband and then I *belonged* to Mr. Mills. Until now, I've never considered myself free. I don't have a husband, I don't have a lover, I don't have a father. In other words, I have no one to feel guilty about. Only now can I start exploring some fields of sexuality that are new to me and some ideas that I never thought I'd like. I can really enjoy sex so much more now.

PETER: Like how?

FANNE: I never cared for men going down on me. My husband and I did it very few times and eventually he left that part of lovemaking out entirely. I still don't get as much out of it as plain, old-fashioned fucking but I've gotten more satisfaction out of it than I thought I would. Frankly, it leaves me in a nervous state. Especially now that I have such a much stronger appetite for sex. . . . And then there's younger men. . . . I used to feel terrible about being attracted to young guys but now it doesn't bother me much. The human mind is very strange. In a couple of months, I might contradict everything I've ever told you. Take that drawing over there (she points to a pen-and-ink sketch on Peter Wolff's wall which shows a buxom, middle-aged woman sucking the cock of a pre-teen Norman Rockwell-type boy). It's odd, but that drawing really turns me on. Not the drawing, but the thought that a sex act like that could really happen: a middle-aged woman and such a young kid. I find it very erotic, especially the size of the girl's boobs. . . . Still, I feel prettier and more sophisticated with an older man. But lately I'm learning that a younger one can be pretty good, too.

PETER: I know you've swung and swapped, but what about getting into women?

FANNE: At this point, I'm open to anything. If I ever felt I wanted a homosexual relationship with a girl, I would just go ahead and do it. . . .

PETER: But surely as a swinger and a stripper you must have encountered these temptations already.

FANNE: Lesbianism in swinging is a very mechanical thing. It's done for the men, mostly. I'm talking about a one-to-one romantic relationship. . . . Sure there's a lot of lesbianism on the strip theatre circuit. But I never had to prove myself there. I have a few friends who're gay. I used to sleep in the same room with two lesbians and listen to them making love. But it didn't turn me on, I usually had to tell them to cut it out, I needed my sleep. Now I see things differently. In the situation I'm in now, I like this one man—but I'm not madly in love. But I'm happier now than I've ever been in my whole life. My mind is mine and mine alone. I belong to no one. And my heart is mine. Finally I can enjoy a relationship with a man I like without getting totally involved and losing my mind over it.

PETER: Well, if you're so ecstatically happy, why did you try to kill yourself last month?

FANNE: All in all, it's been a hard year for me. A lot of upsetting things have been happening recently and it gets to me. For instance, my husband's in South America now and he's very lonely. His parents died and he's an only child. He wants to be with his children. He feels we can be friends for the rest of our lives and I'm just not sure about the arrangement. . . . Then there's my career. It's been hard getting accepted as a legitimate performer. *Women Behind Bars* has helped and I'm getting some straight movie roles, but I'm still regarded as something of a freak, and it's hard to run a family by myself and build a new career at the same time, especially with my publicity. Believe it or not, people think that the publicity has made me a fortune. Actually it's been probably more difficult for me than if I were an unknown, because producers and nightclub owners want talent as well as a name, and most of them initially figure that if I have any talent, I wouldn't have been a stripper. It sometimes takes a lot of convincing for them to realize that I came from a show business background in South America, and only turned to burlesque for having to support a family, when I didn't speak English and couldn't get other work. Anyhow, everything in the past couple of years has been a tremendous struggle against one problem after another. . . . And then Mr. Mills came back into my life.

PETER: You're kidding! Is he still on the grape?

FANNE: Oh no, he's dried himself out. I saw him recently and we were very happy. We spent a whole day together, made love, and had dinner with friends. Can you believe it, he still feels that I belong to him? In my heart, I know I do . . . but how can I wait? He tells me that we got married a long time ago—whether we have that piece of paper or not—and I'm his and he loves me. "I'm married to Anna now," he tells our friends. I don't know whether it's pride or love but I'm confused, Peter. All these promises. . . .

PETER: He isn't even divorced, Fanne.

FANNE: No. But he retired in January and he'll make a decision. I'm sure nothing will happen, however. I know it's over.

PETER: You seem to be a much stronger woman now than before; that's why I'm so amazed by the suicide attempt.

FANNE: I saw my husband recently and I knew right away that everything between us was gone. . . . That's what was so wonderful about Mr. Mills. He was the first man in my life who was my equal. He was so much more brilliant than me. But brilliant only about one subject: acquiring and using power and manipulating the governmental process. I respected his opinions in these areas. But on some other things, he really didn't know very much. When it came to sex, he was a babe in the woods. It was a great relationship and I tell you right now if he asked me to marry him, I would. If he snapped his fingers, I'd come running.

PETER: It seems then, you got depressed by both love and an apparent overconcern for material security?

FANNE: In terms of Mr. Mills, I was only concerned with *emotional* security. Material security only worries me when it comes to my family. It's for my children. I just need the clothes on my back. Forget the jewels, the furs. I just want my kids to have the best. But sometimes small things just overwhelm me. When I took those pills, I really just wanted to sleep. I was so tired. But I have a phoenix spirit. I just rise up out of the ashes and get going. I'm a champion at surviving crises . . . I just get stronger. I don't think I wanted to kill myself. I just wanted to force a resolution to all my negative situations so I would be left to a purer destiny, to be able to go with whatever happens. . . .

PETER: Like something out of Camus.

FANNE: That's right, nothing is so very important any more. I used to cry if I didn't have a pair of shoes. When I was a kid, I got everything I wanted. My husband was not able to provide that kind of security for me. . . . So now I've got some minor financial problems. My daughter asks me, "What are you going to do now?" I told her I didn't know where my career was heading. I'm not interested in just struggling along. If I don't make a lot, maybe I'll just live out my old age with my relatives in Argentina. But I refuse to sacrifice my youth, what's left of it, for a few thousand dollars. What's important is people and what you feel inside. Family is important. I know they say the family is doomed but to me it's what everything is all about.

PETER: Fanne, we've talked before and I know you have specific feelings about Elizabeth Ray, the woman you call "that other one?" Do you feel she betrayed some sort of sacred trust?

FANNE: In a certain way, perhaps. But you have to remember, we were in entirely different situations. I was a congressman's lover; she was his paid whore, even though she believed they were in love. The American people paid Wayne Hays's sex bills. What happened between Mr. Mills and myself, on the other hand, was strictly our own affair.

PETER: Margo St. James says she was the worst-paid hooker in America. . . .

FANNE: I never met the girl, but I *do* know Washington and you can't live in a $300 a month apartment, wear a mink coat and engage in that whole lifestyle on a $15,000-a-year salary. There are other ways to get benefits: gifts, parties, meeting the "right people." This girl is, of course, not alone. Congressional offices are full of Elizabeth Rays. I had a very good friend who worked on Capitol Hill and was hired to do those things.

(Continued on page 96)

CALIFORNIA SPLIT

This superbly upholstered person is from California. Everybody knows about those wild California girls. Everybody knows why The Beach Boys crooned, "Wish they all could be California girls." So now every broad you meet in a bar purports to be a genuine 20th Century Fox. How can you really tell? What if you get her home and she's really from Sioux Falls and is saving all the hot stuff for (gasp!) The Honeymoon?

As a public service we are offering the following Sensitivity Test for California Womanhood. If you pass, you are eligible to date starlets and ramble around town running up huge tabs at French restaurants, and other ephemera of The High Life. If you flunk, you don't deserve a girl like Victoria, anyway.

Our questions: (check one, please)

1) A genuine California chickie cannot live without:
   a) Her pale-ivory Princess phone
   b) Her Mark Eden breast-developer
   c) Her pimp

2) By age 15, she will have balled:
   a) Her father's business partner
   b) Her Doberman pinscher
   c) Her probation officer

3) She feels that people who live anywhere but the Coast are:
   a) Acid casualties
   b) Senile—i.e., over 19 (except for Barry White)
   c) On the lam

4) Her favorite sexual gizmo is:
   a) The Oster hand vibrator
   b) The Water Pik shower-head
   c) A nine-inch cock on a beach blanket at twilight, thanks

5) And her favorite aphrodisiac is:
   a) Three lines of Bolivian flake, fluffed
   b) Two Quaaludes with a banana daiquiri chaser
   c) Chilled white wine and a $500 bill

6) And her favorite fuck band is:
   a) Steve Stills whom she blew junior year
   b) The Grateful Dead because they live down the road
   c) Lawrence Welk. It's better without words.

7) In a man, she looks for:
   a) A bulging wallet
   b) A bulging crotch
   c) Webbed feet, so they can talk about surfing

8) But in bed, there's one thing she *won't* do:
   a) Foursomes with amputees
   b) Special arrangements with spurs and braided riding crops
   c) Your income tax

Now mark your answers carefully and send them in. If you score high we'll send you your own squeezable - starlet doll and a lifetime pass to every Russ Meyer picture ever made. As a matter of fact, this is what Russ moved to California for in the first place.

Neatness counts.

Photographs by Bill Crespinel

THE VEILED VIRGIN

(Continued from page 34)

exquisite, well-slept fox such as herself could indulge in the sort of instant front and rear coupling that made Lionel trains famous for decades.

And so, sadly, a girl's fingers are her very best friends. Those same fingers that write those fat checks and sign those tender charge-account slips and hold those lovely crystal glasses of Dom Perignon '67 . . . are . . . well . . . the only ones that understand. The chauffeur could talk. The gardener could stool, you know? All a scene like this takes is a little manipulation, and a girl could keep on keeping on forever.

CJ the BJ

(Continued from page 83)

I was in for maybe ten minutes. The usual porn rip-off. And the L.A. scene is really a mess, so San Francisco it is. I'm really gonna work for the . . . even take a bust, if I have to. I want to make $20,000 the first month."

This was a serious interview, so we asked some dumb questions:

1) Why did you get into the business?

"No society hassles, and it was easy money."

2) What does your momma think?

"My parents are very wealthy, and *very* supportive."

3) Do you see yourself as an emerging actress, of sorts?

"Nah."

4) What, then, are your long-term goals?

"Twelve inches, at the very *least*."

FANNE FOXE

(Continued from page 91)

Finally, she had to back off and insist that it was only office work for her. People in Congress are really something else! It's like they toss a coin for every new secretary in town to see who's going to go to bed with her and in what order. You know that commonplace cartoon situation with the boss chasing his secretary around the desk? Well, that's exactly how it is in Congress!

PETER: Is there open nudity in the Congressional offices?

FANNE: There's that and there's out-and-out sex, too. Mr. Mills' office had a bar, a refrigerator, a bathroom and a couch. Everything necessary for a quick roll, very convenient. And he used it and I used it, on occasion. And he was relatively new at the game, so just imagine what the real lechers must have been doing. . . .

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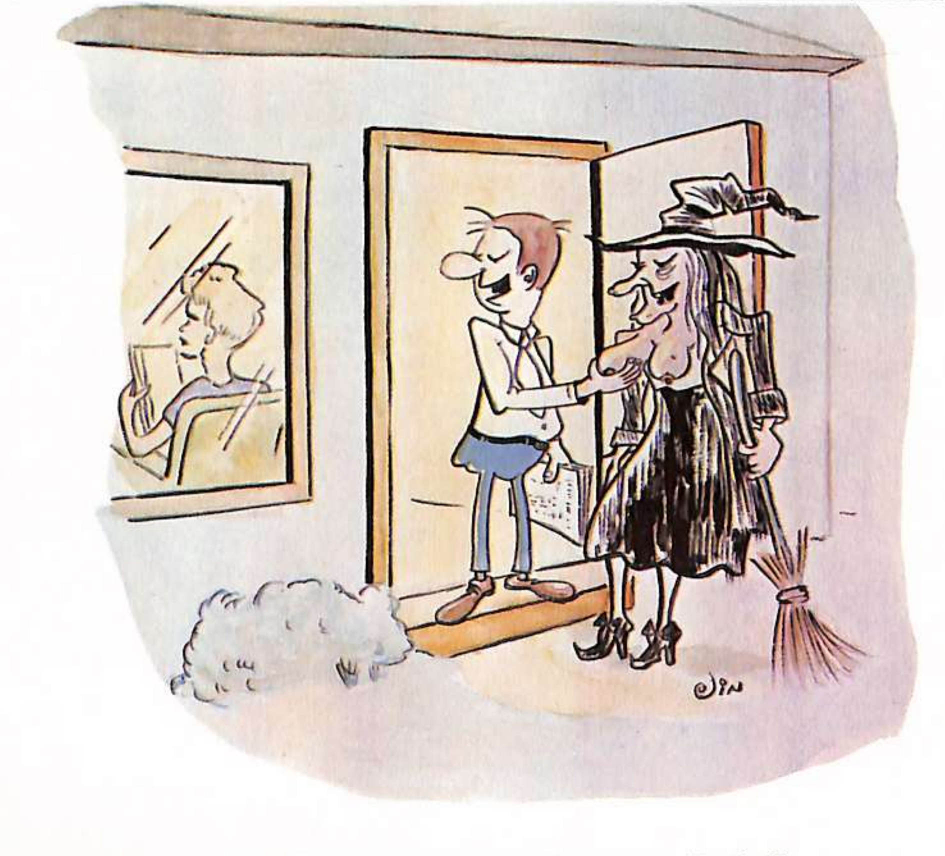


"It's colder than a witch's tit out here, Martha!"

PETER: Doesn't it piss you off that Washington, one of the most sexually sophisticated cities in the world, is also the source of so much repressive oratory when it comes to sex? Weren't you surprised that the same men and women who fucked and sucked their way through life with their mistresses and hookers and call-boys were the same ones who were coming down on you and Wilbur Mills so heavily?

FANNE: Mr. Mills was not a sophisticate; he was pretty much of an innocent. He worked very hard for forty years and he knew nothing but politics. I imagine that once in a while he had sexual feelings for somebody but not his secretary. He was very strict about sex with his employees; he didn't even let them come to work in slacks or low-cut dresses. Still, those Washington secretaries are a really sexy bunch and I imagine when you work eighteen hours a day with an attractive woman, the desire for intimate relations must eventually surface. Many congressmen, remember, are past the age of having strong physical feelings toward their wives. They're old. They've been with them too long. And also many leave their wives back in their home districts. So a well-stacked *young* girl comes along and. . . .

I'm not sure that they're all so promiscuous they'll look for trouble, but most of the time somebody will drop that trouble right in their laps, often in the form of a bribe. . . .

PETER: Didn't you meet Mills in a strip joint? That sounds like looking for trouble to me. . . .

FANNE: Mr. Mills liked to get away from the political set and mix with ordinary people. He liked strippers because they were a different class of people, I guess. I really don't think he'd been hanging out in that world very long when I first met him. It was the booze, you know. Towards the last year we were together his personality changed a lot, but even before then it was getting worse every year. Some people will say he was getting senile. But I think it was the alcohol plus a realization that time was sort of running out on him. I think he finally reached that age where most people look back and think about how much of their youth and erotic life they have sacrificed in the climb to power. A lot of people that age start traveling like crazy; some start loading up their houses with furniture. I think Wilbur Mills just up and decided to enjoy himself more. And as the drinking increased, so did desire to frequent the strip clubs. . . . The booze liberated him. He was really quite candid about his sex life. And he became very, very promiscuous in his last year with me. I think I woke him up or something. Being with a young and vibrant woman just increased his appetite for more. This was a man who went to Congress when he was 27 and lived for politics for forty years. Now I know he has two daughters which means he must have made love to his wife, but I wonder how often. According to her, their relationship was pleasant, but not very hot. . . .

PETER: Were you bawdy with him?

FANNE: You know me, nothing shocks me, but some of the things I do, sexually, make me uncomfortable. I'm no prude but I was raised puritanically and some of it has remained. I think that's why Mr. Mills and I got on so well, he was pretty conservative sexually. . . .

PETER: In your book you mentioned that he often called women "bitches". . . .

FANNE: Yes, he used filthy language a lot.

PETER: Typical repressed, sadistic, uptight anti-sexual behavior. . . . Did he tell dirty jokes?

FANNE: No, I'm not that type myself.

PETER: Oh horseshit! You sling a double-entendre with the best of them. . . .

FANNE: I'm a grown woman. I enjoy sex and sex games and nothing shocks me but I'm careful, too. I prefer to stay where I'm comfortable. Mr. Mills was much more conservative than that. He doesn't, for instance, like oral sex. I happen to like giving it—it's not like giving actual sex, but it's a nice way to get there. But, once, in the very beginning of our affair, I went down on Mr. Mills and, although he didn't like it, he accepted it from me. Afterwards, he said, "I want you to know that you don't have to do that for me anymore because it's not important to me." So we never tried it again. I couldn't believe it, I'd never met *anybody* who didn't like a woman to go down on him, before . . . or after Mr. Mills!

PETER: Look, Fanne, I'm not interested in Mr. Mills' personal hangups or his relations with his wife. That's nobody's business. What I think *is* important about all this is that the holier-than-thou "Club" in Washington is nothing but a freaked-out band of whoremongers, stripper-chasers, and glory-hole queens. For instance, can you recall any of Wilbur Mills's public positions on pornography?

FANNE: He was very conservative . . . but I can't tell you whether he really objected to that stuff deep in his heart. Remember, he came from Arkansas and had very strict religious beliefs.

PETER: Yeah, like thou shalt not salivate after strippers and thou shalt not keep a piece of ass on the side.

FANNE: Mr. Mills was the only American public figure I knew intimately. I don't believe we ever broke any laws. He followed the rules except that he was having an extra-marital affair with me.

PETER: My point is that most American law is very puritanical. But American lawmakers tend to treat themselves a little better than the people they make the laws for. They make it difficult for everybody else to get laid—but they set up a whole local subculture around their own sex needs. It's you and me and Honeysuckle and little-boy whores who get these guys off—and yet we're all totally at the mercy of their repressive public stands—do you think Mills would vote differently on a pornography legislation today than he did before the furor?

FANNE: No, I wouldn't say that. He's just as stubborn as he always was. He still believes pornography is just too strong. He was always telling me to quit stripping and every now and then, I would. But I'd change my mind. A girl's got to make a living, too, you know. So I'd say, "Okay, I'm going back to stripteasing," and he'd say, "Are you gonna show your pubic hair?" And I'd say, "Of course not." But he wouldn't believe me. He treated me like something very, very special. That I had a husband, that I was a stripper, that I'd known many other men in my life . . . he forgot all that. No matter how much he drank, he kept me on a pedestal. But when it came to others, he was quite hypocritical. He'd say, "Look at that whore! Look at that bitch!"

PETER: Sounds a little guilt-ridden to me. This guy probably goes back to Little Rock and tells folks he wants to shut down the strip joints and porno book stores and X-rated movies. Just as long as he's getting his. . . .

FANNE: I don't think he'd got that far. After all, he considers himself a liberal. But he's a politician, first and foremost. No matter what a man like Wilbur Mills thinks, he's got to think of the reaction before he gives you his opinion. Especially on issues like this which are not important to the security and economy of the country . . . only its mental health.

PETER: I think that stinks.

FANNE: I'm on your side. I don't believe in hypocrites. A lot of people have put me down for talking about the intimate areas of my life. But people ask me these questions and I just tell the truth. If I said that nothing happened between me and Mr. Mills I wouldn't do myself any good and I wouldn't be doing this nation any good.

PETER: Well then, do you think Mills' personal point of view has changed in any way?

FANNE: I think he's less impressed by appearances now. He used to think that just because a girl takes off her top on stage, she's a whore. "Never judge a book by its cover," he told me recently. His problem is that he wants to have his cake and eat it, too. He wants to live it up and also be a respected political figure. He's trapped and the results of his escapades have brought him down.

PETER: What's your feeling about pornography? Should it be limited to the pretty stuff, the coy stuff?

FANNE: If you limit it, it's not pornography. It's all a matter of taste, not subject matter. Personally, I prefer the beautiful stuff. A lot of what's done today is extremely limited asthetically. However, even that probably provides information for the public as to how many shapes of pussy there are. There's nothing wrong with that. I think pornography should only be limited by the eye and taste of the people who produce it. You'd have to go a long way to shock me. I'm intrigued by perversity. Like that drawing on your wall—the matronly woman and the young boy. Why have such a powerful guilt complex about incest? In Biblical times, fathers had intercourse with daughters and mothers with sons. Nobody was ashamed. Our culture has made it a sinful act.

PETER: As a stripper, you must have seen a lot of shit go down.

FANNE: You've got to remember, Peter, that I worked a lot of the better places. I wasn't involved in what happened in the back of the place or in the dark corners.

PETER: Are you suggesting there was hanky-panky in the places you worked?

FANNE: Oh sure. And there still is, even in the best of places. Even in South America, where the girls don't have to mix with the customers or sell drinks, I did it anyway because I like to socialize. And even in those very posh, upper-crust South American places, the girls would kiss and hug the customers in dark places. And that's not even close to what goes on here.

PETER: Well, what *about* here?

FANNE: Oh, it's anything goes and it usually happens away from the stage. You've got girls tucked in under the tablecloths, busy fingers and mouths in guys' laps. I've been in dark corners myself. I'm not going to pretend I was a complete innocent. But what some of those girls do, it's incredible. I kept intercourse in the privacy of my own home. I remember one time I was in a booth with a fellow and all of a sudden it started to shake like crazy and I turned around and there was one of the strippers, looking me straight in the face . . . she was supporting herself on the back of the booth, with her skirt raised, and some guy was banging at her back door. She was laughing and tried to strike up a conversation with me while she was getting screwed silly. . . . These girls are a strange breed. Amazingly enough, many of them won't allow the guys to touch them at all.

PETER: That's not so shocking. It's a testimony to the distaste they have for men.

FANNE: I was never a bump-'n-grinder. I was lucky, too—nobody ever asked me to do anything I didn't want to do. Sometimes I'd take off my G-string in my act but I never had to spread. Mostly I just took off my top and jiggled my boobs. I'll never forget the first time I went to the Teddy Bear in Boston. I was working in another place at the time and I just wandered over there to catch the show. I couldn't believe it. Now, I see some of those live sex shows on Times Square and it doesn't shock me. But I just wish it could be done in better places and with more style. If it were a harem scene, with silk couches maybe, I could really get into it. Look, these people are not doing anything that you and I don't do, that most husbands and wives don't do, so how can it be ugly? It's just that the places are so gross. Crudeness I accept; ugliness I don't.

PETER: Fanne, you're a pretty sophisticated broad, but have you ever done anything that shocked you, anything that you didn't expect from yourself?

FANNE: I think that when I was very young the last thing I would have predicted for myself is that I would get into swinging. But I did. I even think I shocked myself that first time.

PETER: Tell me about it.

FANNE: I started having trouble with my husband right around the time my first daughter was born. It was the old story: he liked girls, lots of them, and I was a very jealous person. So there was always tension there. Then, when we moved here, he found it a lot tougher to get laid. For some reason, it's a lot easier to get a free piece in Argentina. Here, he ended up paying for it most of the time. The only alternative to that, it seemed to him, was swinging.

PETER: He was able to use your ass as legal tender in a barter situation, right?

FANNE: Not really. I think he wanted me to swing so that he could feel less guilty about his extramarital escapades. Anyhow, shortly after we came here, we became very friendly with a particular Cuban couple. They were terrific people, very honest. Not only were they swingers, but the man was accustomed to having more than one girl in bed with him. His wife knew about his needs and accepted them. It took a whole lot of convincing to get me in bed with the three of them—and I'd only do it with my husband right there next to me.

PETER: In a foursome situation, are you a voyeur or an exhibitionist?

FANNE: I like to watch my man have sex with another woman, I really do. I don't particularly care for another man in the room while I'm swinging but another girl doesn't bother me at all. Still, the truth is that in the beginning I didn't get into swinging due to any sexual need of my own. I went along with my husband because that's what he wanted. I wanted to keep him tied to the house, so I did it.

PETER: I assume you've been involved in swings with other people other than him in the years that followed.

FANNE: Oh sure. But usually it wasn't too organized; it was just something spontaneous between friends. I do know a little about the organized swing scene, though.

PETER: In a swing situation, do you take an aggressive role or do you just follow orders?

FANNE: Oh, I get pretty aggressive, I guess. I remember one time I went with my husband and another couple to a swinger's club in California. Very expensive, very high-class, lots of movie actors and familiar faces. It was like a key club. If you knew somebody, they invited you. A fantastic mansion. We walked in and everyone was naked. I took off my clothes and the host gave me a tour of the house. It was almost as if he were taking me on a tour of an art gallery. It was an enormous house and before I was able to rejoin my husband and our friends in the living room, I made a few very enjoyable stops. When I got back to my own friends, they were all wearing long faces.

PETER: Aha, the old green-eyed monster is alive and well—and living in swing clubs, huh?

FANNE: Well, the couple we were with really liked us a lot. I guess they expected we would be part of their scene that night. I said, "Look, you know I only go to these things to please Eduardo, but once I get myself into the spirit of things, I'm going to feel free to do what I want. . . ."

PETER: What's the point of swinging if you can't meet new people?

FANNE: Well, just watching turns a lot of people on and then they can go home and really do it to each other. Look, it's a very tough lifestyle. This girl's husband eventually left her; I eventually left Eduardo and even the owner of this particular club had to drop out of the scene. He said it was getting in the way of his personal relationships. If you are very much in love with your mate, it's hard to handle some of the new information you get at these places. I'll give you an example: One time I was involved in a wife-swap. It wasn't really swinging since we did it in separate rooms. Now, this is not particularly my idea of a good time. Eduardo was enough for me and I didn't feel I needed sex outside of my marriage. And this particular evening the guy I was with (and he was a good, decent guy) just didn't turn me on. Then, suddenly I hear from upstairs this crazy screaming, "Aaargh! Aaaaaah!" In twenty years I had never heard my husband scream like that. Later I said to him, "Boy, you really must have enjoyed that. What does she do that I don't do?" And he said, "I just did that to make her feel good. She needs that." Now you and I both know that that's a lot of manure. You can tell the spirit is going out of things when, after twenty years, he kisses you with love but not passion . . . he doesn't kiss you like he's trying to make you. . . . One of the real dangers of the swing situation is that the men set the rules and the women are usually the prize.

PETER: Does the recent boom in swinging surprise you?

FANNE: Very much. I know the scene in Miami and California. I was always surprised that it wasn't bigger. Now, just recently it's gotten so much bigger. You Americans take a long while to get things going but when they happen, they happen fast, I guess.

PETER: Do you have any feelings about your new relationship with CHERI?

FANNE: Well, I've noticed that you're all crazy and oversexed. Which is fine by me. Also, I kind of like your magazine. It's honest and lunatic and at the same time it tells it like it is. And I'm really excited about the project we're working on together.

PETER: You mean your travel series?

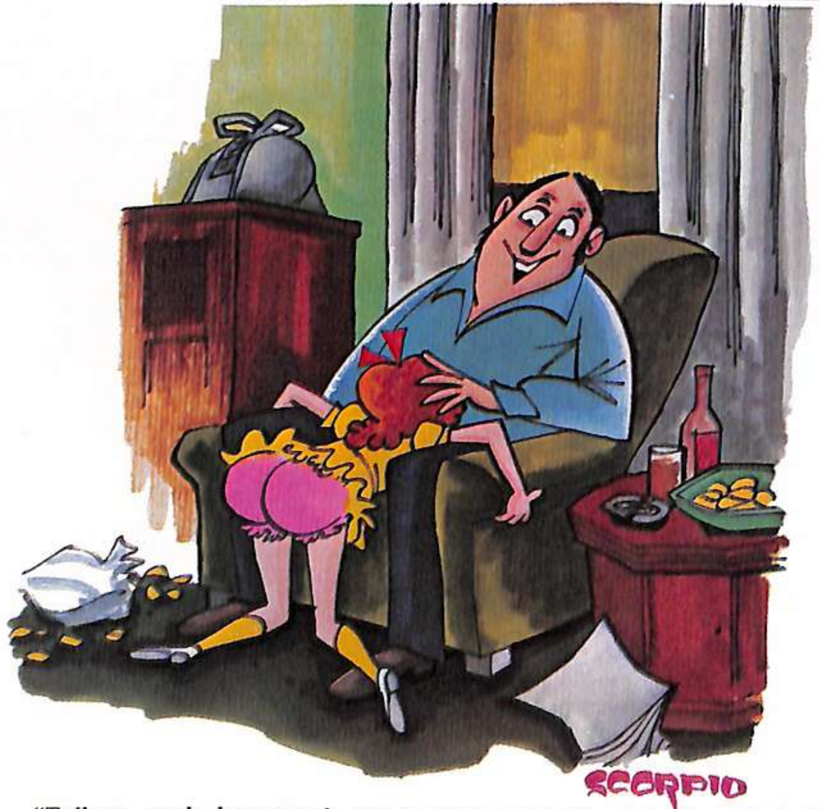
FANNE: Yes, I think it's going to make some waves. There have been many books and articles on different aspects of the Sexual Revolution, including guides to pick-up spots, books on swinging, and pictorials on nude beaches. This series however is going to lay it all open for everyone to see, or enjoy, or whatever turns them on. I'm going to travel to major cities like Miami, Chicago, Detroit, New York, Atlanta, New Orleans, Los Angeles, Milwaukee and St. Louis, to name a few, and dig into prostitution, swinging, pornography, nudity, fetishes, whatever people are doing that turns them on. I'll explore the good and the bad, the pros and the cons, and if it takes first hand knowledge of what's happening to write about it, I'll do it. In addition to finding out what's going on in the cities, I'll be finding out what the politicos and officials are doing to encourage (unlikely) or discourage (more likely) their areas' fun and games. Each article will also have a complete pictorial of some of the better scenes I run across, and a list of addresses and contacts for those who want to pick-up where I leave off. The people have had a long look at all the skeletons in my closet, now I'm going to give them a look into their closets.

PETER: And I understand you're going to proffer your pulchritudinous pudenda pictorially for us. . . .

FANNE: Could you say that in Spanish or Italian, please?

PETER: I think I'll take a bye on that.

FANNE: Well, I don't know what it means but if you want me to, I probably will. . . . Until then, tell all your readers that I'm ready to put out for them. My Fanne's in high gear.



"Tell me again how much you like two weeks in daddy's custody."

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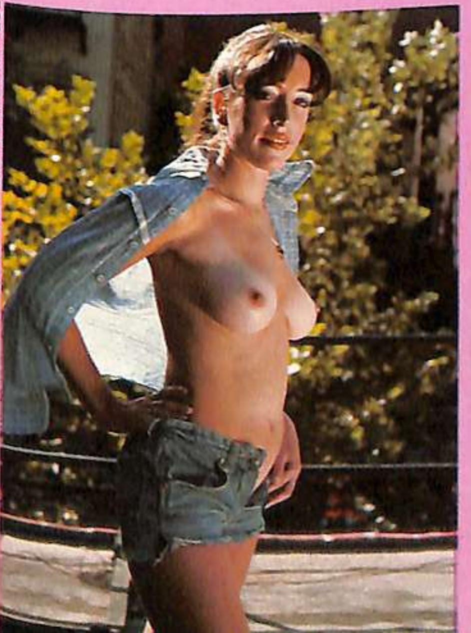

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